

The TATLER

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The TATTLER

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Peter North, Old Burlington Street

THE COUNTESS OF ROSSE AND HER SON, LORD OXMANTOWN

The christening of Lord and Lady Rosse's infant son took place at the family seat, Birr Castle, King's Co., Ireland, on January 9, and he received the names of William Clere Leonard Brendan, and two of his god-parents were his uncle, the Hon. Desmond Parsons, and Mrs. Linley Messel. Lord Oxmantown was born on October 21, 1936, and his parents were married in 1935, Lady Rosse then being Miss Anne Messel. She is a sister of Mr. Oliver Messel, the well-known young artist. Their father, Lt.-Col. Leonard Messel, married a daughter of the famous Linley Sambourne, so the artistic talent is inherited



Miss Compton Collier

FAMILY LIFE AT GREAT GLEMHAM HOUSE IN SUFFOLK

The Countess of Cranbrook with her son, Lord Medway, born in June, 1933, and her daughters Lady Juliet and Lady Sophie Gathorne-Hardy. The Dalmatian, of lineage high, merits mention too. Before her marriage, Lady Cranbrook, as Miss Fidelity Seebohm, was one of Hertfordshire's most popular young people. Her husband, who succeeded as 4th Earl when he was at Eton, served in the Royal Regiment for some years and is a former County Alderman for London. Lord Cranbrook has also been Parliamentary Private Secretary to the First Commissioner of Works.

His home is near Saxmundham

"Stulti omnes servi—all fools are slaves."—STOIC MAXIM.

AND so we are all both fools and slaves. For which of us is completely free? Men are the slaves of wealth, position, power, and women. While women are ever and always enslaved by their own beauty!

Only the very young who live for the present, and the very old who live for the past, are not the slaves of their own desires, but are they not equally foolish?

* * *

The excitement of New Year's Eve entertaining subsided, to be followed by one of the gayest parties of this winter season—the Twelfth Night Party given by Rosita Forbes, in private life Mrs. Arthur McGrath, at her house in Great Cumberland Place. Twelfth Night is not observed as it ought to be. Actually it is as much a "festive" season as Christmas, more important than New Year. Perhaps Mrs. McGrath's party will set a fashion which other hostesses will follow another time. I'll have more to say about this party later; meanwhile, here's thanking her for a very good evening.

News of people concerns chiefly those who have entertained house parties, guests who have scattered from those house parties, and the



Hay Wrightson

THE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON

The younger daughter of the late Major-General the Hon. Edward Montagu-Stuart-Wortley married Lord Abingdon in 1928. When in London they live in Seymour Street, and they also spend a certain amount of time at Highcliffe Castle, in Hampshire, where the ex-Kaiser used once to stay. Lord Abingdon, heir-presumptive to the earldom of Lindsey, is a Family Trustee of the British Museum

PANORAMA



SIR JAMES AND LADY DUNN

With seven-year-old daughter Anne at their Cap Ferrat villa, one of the most agreeable on the Cote d'Azur, and the setting for many pleasant parties just lately. Both Sir James Dunn and his wife are exceedingly keen golfers and they are often to be seen playing on the Cagnes and Mont Agel courses

departure of the lucky ones who can turn their backs on a dull London in favour of India, Cairo, or the South of France.

America, too, has been calling, and quite an interesting lot of passengers left last week, some to go to New York, others to go farther afield to Hollywood—the fashionable spot this year. Among the travellers were Sir John and Lady Child, who were married in Montreal in 1933. A Canadian by birth, Lady Child was Miss Sheila Mathewson of Montreal, and met her husband when he was A.D.C. to Lord Bessborough, at that time Governor-General of Canada. The Childs have a delightful house in Eaton Place, and two daughters, the younger of whom is a god-daughter of Lady Bessborough.

Serving as A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Canada has led to more than one interesting "peerage" romance. Outstanding examples that occur to me are the Earl of Haddington and the Earl of Minto. Lady Haddington is still busy furnishing her house in Belgrave Square. Her taste is for off-white and palest pastel shades, and when the place is completed she will have one of the loveliest homes in London.

Others who should be in America by the time you are reading Panorama are Viscountess Rhondda, the Humphrey de Traffords, Lady Colefax, who recently sold her King's Road house to the Crewes, and Miss Doris Keane, whose daughter, you remember, married Sir Patrick and Lady Hastings' son the other day.

The Monsells celebrated—or would it be better to say pre-faced?—their departure for South Africa by a gathering of relations and intimate friends at their house in Belgrave Square. It's the last party they are likely to have there for some time, as when they return to England in April the house will only be theirs for a few days. It has been let twice, and the second lot of tenants will have it until after the Coronation. Mrs. Alan Casey, Lord and Lady Monsell's eldest daughter, was in London for a few days to see her parents before they left, later returning to her Cheshire home. Their second daughter, Joan, remained in London, uncertain whether to stay in England or to follow the fashion set by many others and go to America to see her brother Graham.

* * *
New Year brides follow one another to the altar in quick succession.

It is a long time since I have seen a lovelier bridal picture than Mary Malcolm made at her wedding to Sir Basil Bartlett at St. Bartholomew's the

mutual interest in sport—in their case hunting and horses. Miss Montefiore is clever, attractive and also very good company. After a few seasons in London she grew tired of the conven-



RIVIERA TENNIS ENTHUSIASTS

Mr. Vyvyan Drury and Captain Fane busy quenching a well-earned thirst after a brisk single in morning sunshine. They are among the many who are finding the Monte Carlo Country Club a particularly pleasant playing place just now

tional round and took herself off to the country to follow her favourite amusement—hunting—and that is how she met her present husband.

Another couple with a common interest in hunting who hope to get married on the 30th of this month are Miss Rachael Soames and Mr. Michael Gosling. Her father, Harold Soames, was killed early in the Great War, and was one of the many relations of the late Mr. Arthur Soames, of Sheffield Park. Mrs. Harold Soames now lives in a delightful little period house—Stella's Cottage—in the grounds of Moor Park, Farnham. The Soames family have always been intimately associated with the Cameron Highlanders. Miss Rachael Soames' father and grand-father were both in the regiment, and her brother is carrying on the family tradition.

* * *

Coronation debutantes look like causing even more anxiety to their chaperones than their predecessors in normal years, judging by the number of hostesses who have already booked dates ahead for dances. Among those who have made arrangements well ahead is Mrs. Butler Henderson, mother of Lionel Henderson, whose marriage to Miss Una Fenwick had to be postponed before Christmas because appendicitis upset pre-arranged plans.

Mrs. Butler Henderson is the very good-looking sister of Lord Clarina, and mother of Mary Henderson, prettiest debutante of her year (1933). Her younger daughter comes out this year.

While we are on the subject of debutantes, hunt balls, still being held all over the country, have given many of them an opportunity of making their first appearance at a public dance. Lady Irene Haig, for instance, was at the Sinnington Hunt Ball last week under the wing of Lady Feversham, in whose house party she was staying at Nawton Tower. Extra chaperonage was provided by her married sister, Lady Victoria Scott, who will probably entertain Lady Irene in London next season. The eldest sister, Lady Alexandra Haig, runs a small "bachelor girl" establishment in London, and is a great friend of Lady Duff-Assheton-Smith, with whom she spent several weeks in Austria this summer.

(Continued overleaf)



AT THE OLD BERKELEY HUNT BALL AT CHALFONT PARK

Captain Tyrwhitt-Drake, the squire of Shardeloes, is seen in the front of this group, which also includes Mrs. Tyrwhitt-Drake, Lady Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Campbell, Sir John Dashwood and Mr. F. Tyrwhitt-Drake. Mr. Nigel Campbell, a former Joint Master of the Old Berkeley, is one of the trustees of Lord Nuffield's £2,000,000 gift for the Distressed Areas

Great last week. The old church made a perfect setting for the Tudor period dresses of bride and bridesmaids, and subsequently at the reception more than one of the older guests grew tenderly sentimental recalling the beauty, inherited by her granddaughter, of Lily Langtry.

The wedding of Miss Joan Sebag - Montefiore and Mr. G. A. E. Peyton, who is in the 15th/19th Kings Royal Hussars, was a real love match, and in addition both have a strong



AT LEICESTER 'CHASES: MRS. NOEL FURLONG AND MAJOR A. E. BURNABY

It was after Reynoldstown won the Mapperley Chase at Leicester, in which he had a gruelling race, that Major Noel Furlong decided not to enter his gallant horse for this year's Grand National, quite rightly considering that he had done his best by winning it two years in succession. Major Burnaby, who was a Steward of the meeting, is a very famous former master of the Quorn hounds

PANORAMA—continued



THE DUTCH ROYAL WEDDING—THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM

H.R.H. The Princess Juliana of the Nederland and her husband, Prince Bernhard of the Nederland, taken just after their wedding on January 7 at the Grootte Kerk, The Hague. The people of the British Empire have joined in the general congratulations to the Royal House of Holland upon the occasion, and a special mark of gratitude for the kind treatment of British officers and men interned in Holland during the war took the form of a wedding present to Her Royal Highness from those concerned

At another hunt ball an interesting Yorkshire Coronation debutante made an appearance. This was Miss Mary Compton, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Edward Compton and a niece of Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger. The Comptons own Newby Hall, a lovely place near Ripon. Miss Compton went to the Middleton Hunt Ball with Lady Grimthorpe's party.

New Year festivities at St. Moritz were even more riotous than formerly; in fact, there are no adjectives left to describe this season's massed mêlée. In the Embassy Lord Justice Maugham greeted the New Year in a rakish Tyrolean paper hat, and lovely Lady Warrender was thoroughly enjoying the fun. Lady Duncan and her two sons, Sir Oliver and "Dodo," gave a big party, at which one of the guests was the Duc de Sangro's school-boy son.

Suvretta House, the Grand, the Carlton, and the Kulm were all having

successful galas, and people went from party to party like a "big night" during the London season. Lady Hulton and Lady Orr-Lewis gave a dinner party for Miss Ursula Gibbons, a Coronation debutante, who celebrated her seventeenth birthday on January 1. Her Oxford undergraduate brother attended the dinner with his arm in a sling, an injury caused by a slight error of judgment on Shuttlecock, the Cresta corner which every rider goes over sooner or later.

The bob run, under the able chieftainship of Hubert Martineau, opened on the 2nd. Two years ago interest in bobbing was at a low ebb. Now there are two complete British teams, dozens of foreign entries, and almost too much new talent.

Madame van der Meersch and Miss Betty Harbord, who won most of the women's cups between them last year, are both determined to repeat their successes. Meanwhile, Miss Harbord has, literally, paid a flying visit to England to attend a Yorkshire hunt ball at which her younger sister, Primrose, is making her debut.

* * *

Gstaad, the least Anglicised of Swiss winter sports resorts, is enjoying a really excellent season.

Sir John Latta is staying with his son-in-law and daughter, Comte and Comtesse de Craymayel, but will later join Lady Latta, who is not a winter sports enthusiast, on the Riviera.

Captain Aubrey Janion and his charming American-born wife are entertaining at their chalet, where they spend the greater part of the year. Captain Janion is a writer, artist, and photographer of no mean ability. His new book "Parade of Violence," written under his pen name of "William Penderel," will appear this month. A strange, awe-inspiring tale, it seems destined to be a best-seller.

By the time this appears in print the Begum Aga Khan and her infant son will have arrived at the Palace, that superb hotel built on a hill overlooking the town, where the Duquessa de Fernan-Nunez and her sister-in-law, the Marquesa de Villatorcas are already installed. Lady (Arthur) Pearson is also expected shortly, while the Baron and Baronne de Wanger and their young family have just left for Paris.

This strong cosmopolitan element has made Gstaad one of the smartest of Switzerland's winter play-grounds. Nowhere, not even at St. Moritz, is the standard of good looks and dress so exceptionally high. The town itself seems almost Tyrolean in its make-up. One of the loveliest women in Gstaad at the moment of writing is Madame Chiesa, a daughter of Comte Gautier Vignal, who is tall, slim, red-haired and exquisitely dressed.

* * *

Mrs. Arthur McGrath's Twelfth Night Party grew, as parties will when guests can rely on an amusing evening, from the comparatively small gathering originally planned to a party of from eighty to a hundred guests.

Everyone entered into the spirit of the thing—planters' punch, served alight, gives a wonderful start to any party. Princess Ursula Hohenlohe flew over from Germany in order to be present, and guests who joined with great zest in games like "Hunt the Slipper," "In the Manner of," and other frivolous amusements, included Lady Chesham—she has just taken a flat in Sussex Square—and Lady Idina Haldeman, who, by the time these words are in print, will probably have flown back to Kenya with her brother, Lord De La Warr.

Even "Shy Bride" Mary Baker, who came in late, forgot her shyness and joined in the fun, which culminated about three o'clock in the morning. The hostess wore an elegant white frock, very long, with two trains, and another striking dress and coat were seen on Mrs. Fitzalan Howard, whose black velvet coat had a hood which could be arranged to make a collar reaching almost to the eyebrows.



LADY FINGALL AND CAPTAIN HARRY FOWLER AT THE KILDARE HUNT BALL

The Kildare held their ball at Bishops court, which was kindly lent by Mrs. Edward Kennedy, widow of Mr. Edward Kennedy, who brought the famous sire, Roi Herode, to Ireland. Lady Fingall is seen with one of the best known and most popular people in all Ireland, the ex-Master of the "Meath." It is generally conceded by the natives that no one knew more about how to cross that country than Captain Harry Fowler. More pictures of this event in next week's issue

DRESSED UP FOR THE

PETER PAN PARTY



FRANCIS BLACK AND CAROLINE HOLLAND

The annual "Peter Pan" Party in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes took place last week at Claridge's and was a huge success. Of the two prizes graciously contributed by Queen Mary, one, a tea-set, was won by Francis Black and his cousin, Caroline Holland, whose King and Queen made a great hit. Her Majesty's other prize was a game, the winners of which were Henry and Bouchier Dickens-Hawksley, two young descendants of Charles Dickens



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LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE
IMPERSONATED A LILY



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ANNE SIMON AS A FLOWER GIRL

The Marchioness of Cambridge was chairman of the "Peter Pan" Party committee and had a busy time receiving some 500 guests. Her only daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge, won the first prize for children over nine, and deservedly so, for she looked quite enchanting. Anne Simon as a Piccadilly flower-seller was also prize-worthy. Princess Beatrice and Princess Marie Louise were Royal patrons of the party



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DIANA LEWIS, ELDER SISTER OF ZELDA,
CAME AS "PEARLS"



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ZELDA LEWIS AS CUPID

The Fancy Dress Parade at the "Peter Pan" Party, which was headed by the Barnardo Pipers, was a most colourful affair, and the task of judging proved far from easy, there being a quantity of very well thought out disguises. Adjudicating with Lady Cambridge, who presented the prizes, were Mrs. Frank D'Arcy and Madame Michiko Tanaka, the Japanese singer. Diana Lewis and her sister, Zelda, daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Spencer Lewis, easily caught the eye in the parade. The sisters Ellen and Wendy Aymer were particularly effective: the former wore a 17th-century period frock, and the latter represented "Grandmother's Days." The entire cast of *Peter Pan* came on to the party from the Palladium, and the chance of a really close-up view of the redoubtable Captain Hook (Charles Laughton this year) proved almost too exciting for some of the smallest guests



Bassano

BRINGING BACK OLD FASHIONS: ELLEN
AND WENDY AYMER



ANN HARDING AND BASIL RATHBONE IN
"LOVE FROM A STRANGER"

Ann Harding plays Cecily Harrington, which was Marie Ney's part in the play by Frank Vosper on Agatha Christie's story. Basil Rathbone has Frank Vosper's part of Bruce Lovell, who is a notorious wife-slaughterer, whom the unfortunate Cecily marries not knowing anything about his uncomfortable habits. The film had its première at the London Pavilion on January 7, and is as big a thrill as the play

IN a slipshod world Mr. Sidney Bernstein is remarkable, if only for the fact that he takes his job seriously. The cinemas which Mr. Bernstein controls have 350,000 weekly patrons, and Mr. Bernstein is honestly concerned with the quality of that entertainment. Once a year he tries to get into the minds of his patrons by submitting to them a questionnaire, the answers to which are carefully studied. He has submitted the questionnaire to me, with the invitation to answer it in my capacity as "film-enjoyer," as distinct from that of film critic. I shall endeavour to repay Mr. Bernstein's confidence by giving my answers in full sincerity and without any attempts at joke-making or leg-pulling.

Question 1. *Who are your favourite film stars?*—As far as I am concerned, there is only one actor in it. Whenever I am asked for my list of the best dozen, score, or hundred of the world's best books, I always begin by bracketing at the head of the list The Bible and Shakespeare. But there is nobody to be bracketed with Charlie Chaplin, and, in my opinion, he should be left out of this argument. My three favourite male film stars, then, would be Charles Laughton, William Powell, and Gary Cooper. My three favourite female film stars are Ruth Chatterton, May Robson, and Edna May Oliver.

Question 2. *Which film stars do you dislike most?*—This is easy. Among the males Spencer Tracy, George Raft, and Charles Boyer. Among the females I should put Shirley Temple, Mae West, and Bette Davis. Question 2a. *Do you actually stay away from a cinema where a film is shown which features any of the stars you dislike?*—As a private individual, Yes. As a critic, No, because I can't.

Question 3. *Which small-part players would you like to see in star rôles?*—Among the males I should put Frank Morgan, Lewis Stone, and whatever young actor it was who played the subsidiary part of the red-haired Cockney sailor in *For Ever England*. Among the women I do not care which one is promoted. She cannot be worse than those established performers ogling you from the screen like some wall-eyed circus-horse.

Question 4. *What kind of feature film do you prefer?*—The answer is any kind of Nature, instructional, or news film, provided there is no facetious commentary. That these are

THE CINEMA

Mr. Bernstein's Questionnaire

By JAMES AGATE

not "feature films" does not invalidate my preference. Of the seven categories among which I must choose, I put first the War film; Second the Historical film, except that it never contains any history; Third the Society drama, except that the people are never in Society; Fourth the Comedy, because this may mean Laurel and Hardy; Fifth the Thriller-Adventure, because this may be about gangsters, which in my view is the proper domain of the film, always provided we cannot get back to the old Wild West; Sixth and seventh are the Love-Romance and the Musical Comedy. I like these least, because the Love Romance invariably has to do with Grace Moore's tonsils, and because the Musical Comedy inevitably means Ginger Rogers, of whom I am frankly tired. Question 4a. *What kind of short films do you like best?*—See Answer to Question 4. Question 4b. *Do you object to short advertising films?*—By Heaven, Yes, and I wish my Editor would let me print something stronger!

Question 5. *Do you like coloured feature talkies?*—Yes, in the sense in which I like to look at the results of leaving a little girl of five alone with a box of paints. Question 5a. *Would you rather that those you have seen had been photographed in black and white in the ordinary way?*—Yes!

With regard to Question 6, I am totally indifferent as to whether I see two big pictures or one super-picture. The important point for me is whether the cinema is decently ventilated.

Question 7. *Do you like stage shows included in cinema programmes?*—No, and I hate the Wurlitzer as well!

Question 8. *Name your favourite film director.*—James Whale. Question 8a. *Which of his films did you like best?*—*Journey's End*.

Question 9. *Which paper has the best film criticisms?*—*The Observer*, and because Miss Lejeune has convinced the public and, what must have been more difficult, herself, that the film can be written about seriously. Question 9a. *Which do I consider the best film news and gossip?*—All film news and gossip is beneath contempt. Question 9b. *Do you listen in to B.B.C. film criticisms?*—Why should I?

Question 10. *How many times a week do you usually go to the pictures?*—It depends upon the week and the pictures.

Question 11. *Have you any ideas for the improvement of cinema entertainment generally?*—Any answer to this would, of course, occupy columns. The first thing I should demand would be the complete elimination of canned music. The second would be the engagement of a live orchestra which would automatically sweep away the Wurlitzer. My third would be the reintroduction of silence with a minimum of talking where absolutely necessary. My fourth would be a return in Walt Disney's work to his earlier simplicity. Fifth, the provision of programmes and the abolition of tea-trays and of attendants dressed like Indian squaws, hospital nurses, and Tudor Abigails parading up and down the gangways shouting "Choclots!"

Question 12. This asks me my opinion of some thirty recent pictures. I am asked to say whether they are outstanding, good, fair, or bad. This is a very difficult question, since a film may be outstanding in one direction and appalling in another. *David Copperfield* would have been very good but for the Micawber of W. C. Fields. You can gather my opinion of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* from the fact that this Questionnaire calls it *A Midsummer's Night Dream! Mutiny on the Bounty* was good as far as Laughton went, but when he got there turned it into a Cochran revue, with Otaheite maidens behaving as circumspectly as, and with the unanimity of, Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies. *It's Love Again* merely meant that it was Jessie Matthews again, and *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer* was really just a lot more of *Beau Geste*. *Louis Pasteur* was pretty good for anybody who never saw old Guitry in the play, and I think I should have liked *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* still more if it had not been overpraised to me beforehand. The one outstanding film of the year in my view was *The Informer*, and, apart from this, I would soonest hold a brief for *Modern Times*, not because it was a good film, but because it contained the greatest film actor of all time.

HYMEN AND THE HIGH SNOWS



LADY BARTLETT



Photos : Sasha

THE WEDDING OF SIR BASIL BARTLETT AND MISS MARY MALCOLM: THE BRIDAL PARTY

The bridesmaids were: The Hon. Nancy Brett, Lady Moyra Ponsonby, the Hon. Daphne Pearson, Miss Ann Paget, Miss Margaretta Scott, and Miss Feo Bartlett. The best man was Baron Hans von Flotow, and the page Robin Malcolm



MAJOR DESPENCER-ROBERTSON, M.P., AND HIS PARTY AT ST. MORITZ

From left to right : Mrs. Douglas Hacking, Mr. Peter Donkin, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Major Reginald Stirling, Lord Seymour Major Despencer-Robertson, Miss Despencer-Robertson, the Right Hon. Douglas Hacking, Miss Jeffery and Lady Susan Seymour



MAJOR AND MRS. MATTHEW HAY, ALSO AT ST. MORITZ

The wedding of Sir Basil Bartlett and Miss Mary Malcolm took place at the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury officiating, assisted by Father Philip Bartlett, uncle of the bridegroom. The bride is the daughter of Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch, Argyllshire: her father was in the Diplomatic Service and served also as Assistant-Private Secretary to two Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs (Lord Salisbury, 1895-98, and the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, 1916-1919) and to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1900-1. In the lower half of the page are some winter-sport enthusiasts at St. Moritz, which is packed with people at present. Major Despencer-Robertson's party included the Rt. Hon. Douglas Hacking, Chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation; they were photographed against a background of the road to St. Moritz-Bad and the lower slopes of Corviglia. Major Hay is an old Fettesian and a brother of the well-known Scottish Rugby player

From the Shires and Provinces

From the Beaufort

We have had a very gay and hectic week with improving sport. From Culberton on Tuesday with Brown hunting the mixed pack scenting conditions were very poor, but hounds accounted for a brace and thus reduced the large number of foxes around Westonbirt. Wednesday, from Tolldown with Master hunting his pack, the morning was only moderate, but there was a capital hunt in the afternoon from Lowndes Covert with a straight-necked 'un, but, alas! the motor cars headed him at Cranhill when we might have gone anywhere. However, this hunt lasted for two hours and hounds accounted for their fox. All roads led to Badminton House on Friday night for the party given by Their Graces for the coming out of Lady Rosemary Eliot (the Duke's niece) and elder daughter of that most popular of men, the late Earl of St. Germans (better known as "Mousey"). Over six hundred guests turned up, and it was the greatest success. Next evening, after a capital day's sport from the Badminton station fixture, Badminton House was kindly lent for the Children's Pony Club dance, which was very well attended, but we should hardly have called them all children!

From the Warwickshire

The New Year was ushered in at Upton House with such hospitality and cheer that it was nearly 5 a.m. before the last reveller pushed out into most unpleasant weather to go home and dream of it all. Little time to dream, for we are informed nearly forty pallid stalwarts assembled for that bye day at Shennington arranged for "one horse only" but a few hours later. The undesirable country was very soon done with, and a brilliant forty-five minutes ensued to reward their exertions.

Saturday at Kineton Coverts, also gave good measure, as is generally the case in this stronghold of foxes, and they seldom fail us; on this occasion it was a couple of heavenly darts over that peerless country which lies between Kineton and Edgehill. Over and beyond, too, no use to slacken rein and ease down as the hill is reached, you may think that is the end of all things, but as like as not hounds are half-way to Banbury before you have got your breath and "recovered the strange confusion in the Vale" below. The usual crowd thinned the earlier in consequence, and those that stayed on had to jump their last few fences in the dark.

At this time of the year, when the air is full of rumours of impending changes, it is good to know that our present Masters and George are carrying on and that we may look for further good sport under their satisfactory guidance.

From the Grafton

Hospitality was offered all round when hounds met on Friday at Turweston Manor, where Mr. John and Lady Catherine Ramsden live. There was a table spread in the open for everyone. Captain and Mrs. Guy Lucas, next door, and Captain and Mrs. Phillip Agnew all combined to wish everyone a happy New Year, so it was a grand send-off! There were too many foxes afoot to ensure a really good day's sport, but from the word go it was always a busy one. Hounds killed their fox after a circle round, ending up with a fast burst to Evershaw. Percy was seen hatless for a time, having lost it in a hedge, but he managed to retrieve it the second time round. Later in the afternoon those with second

horses had a nice hunt from Brackley Gorse. Four of the gallant ones got into a brook with their horses, one of the latter being nearly drowned. Saturday's meet at Boycott Manor was a most enjoyable affair, everyone being plied with good



THE HON. ROLAND CUBITT AND HIS DAUGHTER WITH THE QUORN AT GREAT DALBY

The great Dalby day, like most other Quorn days since this good scenting period began, was all that anyone could ask. The Hon. Roland Cubitt is Lord Ashcombe's eldest son and heir, was formerly in the Coldstream and married the former Miss Sonia Keppel; and Rosalind Cubitt, who is in the picture, is their only daughter



ANOTHER QUORN PICTURE

Captain Kellett and Lady Kathleen Rollo, who on the Thrussington day was with the chasseurs à pied. She is the hard-riding wife of Mr. Bill Rollo and a sister of the Marquess of Downshire

Gorse as the Pytchley are due there on Wednesday! We didn't find till we got to Ashby Pools and went fast away from there, but scent was never holding.

From the Heythrop

Except for a good day Deddington sport in the Christmas season has not been very good, but, apart from questions of good or bad sport, it has been a disastrous week in another respect; we refer to the appalling tragedy on Friday, January 1, at Bourton Bridge, when a train killed first of all one hound and shortly afterwards another train killed one and a half couple of hounds. The two couples were all promising young dog-hounds, and it is impossible to express sufficient sympathy for both the Master and the huntsman, to whom a tragedy of this nature is almost the equivalent to seeing their own children killed. Altogether it was a very depressing start to the New Year, so let us from now onwards hope for better luck.

It is now officially announced that the Heythrop point-to-point races will take place over the usual course on Tuesday, March 16. As this happens to be the eve of St. Patrick's

(Continued on p. viii)

UP AND DOING IN VARIOUS HUNTING COUNTRIES



THE TENTH DUKE OF GRAFTON GOES HUNTING WITH THE COTTESMORE IN THEIR TUESDAY COUNTRY



A HEYTHROP WELL-KNOWN: THE HON. MRS. MICHAEL MASON, OF EYNHAM HALL, NEAR WITNEY



WITH THE LAUDERDALE: SIR THEOPHILUS BIDDULPH, MISS SCOTT, LADY BIDDULPH, MISS SHARPE, MAJOR SHARPE, M.F.H.

The Lauderdale had a lawn meet not long ago at The Pavilion, near Melrose, the Scottish home of Sir Theophilus Biddulph, eighth baronet, and Lady Biddulph. Major R. W. Sharpe has been Master since 1935, having succeeded the Mitchell brothers, who carried on to the end of the season on the death, in December 1934, of their father, Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Mitchell, M.F.H. Colonel Mitchell had had the Lauderdale for twenty-four seasons, bearing all expense himself. Hounds are now the property of the country. Miss Jean Constable-Maxwell-Scott, who is also in the above group, is a great-great-great granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott. To see the Hon. Mrs. Jack Harrison or any of her eight daughters on their feet instead of their horses when hounds are about is, happily, a most unusual sight. This photograph was taken when the Cottesmore met at Tilton

Three different fox-hunting occasions gave the camera good material for this page. The Duke of Grafton was out when the Cottesmore, after meeting at Tilton, had a moderate day's sport, scent being catchy and foxes prone to circular travel. The present Duke of Grafton, a cousin of the ninth Duke who so tragically met his death last August, while motor-racing in Ireland, lives at Langham in the Cottesmore country. He served in the Great War with the Royal Welch Fusiliers. The Hon. Mrs. Michael Mason was photographed at a recent Heythrop meet, when she was riding a favourite mare bred by herself. She is Lord Stonehaven's elder daughter and is married to the Earl of Crawford's nephew



SEE HOW THEY RUN: THE HON. MRS. J. F. HARRISON WITH MISS PAT AND MISS AUDREY HARRISON

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Journal of a Governess.

ONE of the most poignant tragedies of life is to die with a feeling of unfulfilment. To have lived—with nothing to show for it except some trite words on a tombstone. To have known a great love; to have won a deep, profound friendship; to have succeeded, even to some small extent, in the business of our life; to have built up the memory of a happy home; to have achieved some creative wish of our heart or mind—this is to have lived and to rob death of something of its sting. But to live and to die frustrated, that is tragedy. And this, probably, was the unconscious sorrow which underlies an extraordinarily interesting book I have just been reading: "Miss Weeton: The Journal of a Governess, 1807-1811" (Oxford University Press; 12s. 6d.). Poor Miss Weeton knew neither the love of lover nor children. She had sufficient "character" to live a life of her own had her circumstances been different, but not character of sufficient strength to carve out an individual path in days when poor unmarried women were looked upon as slaves and nonentities. She was courageous, discontented, often fierce, but these were nullified by an inferiority complex born of unfulfilled pride. She needed, so to speak, the first rung of the ladder provided for her by fate. Left unaided, she soared too high in her imagination and desires to place that first rung in by herself.

Lots of people are like poor Miss Weeton. So, in despair, she sought what I can only describe as the self-imposed grandeur of self-belittlement. She called herself an "insignificant individual; living unknown and neglected," and she felt she was destined to "die unmourned." There is the inner revolt of those upon whom Fate has forced an inferiority complex in such a cry. So, in a kind of despair, she lived fictitiously in a series of long letters written to her brother and a few friends. Some of them make up the book. These letters were more than letters, however—they were to her a form of self-justification. For this reason she

made a copy of each, which she kept locked up. Thus they form a kind of journal—a claim for recognition by posterity or by anyone into whose hands they might eventually fall. "To whom I will bequeath them at my death I know not," she writes. "They will lie on somebody's dusty shelf, for they are written so closely it would be a task to get through them. My only reason for undertaking such a piece of work is that it has been a great amusement during many a solitary hour when I had not any other employ." But that is not the real explanation. The real explanation is that within her heart there was a profound hunger which life refused to satisfy, and these letters were a kind of demand for sympathy and understanding which her world denied her—her and others of her sex who, she says, "are sometimes better than rotten potatoes, though they are often treated, and suffer themselves to be treated, as little better." And as these letters accumulated on her dusty shelves, they became to her a kind of self-vindication—the love she never knew, the children she never bore, the success she never achieved. At last, she began almost to hug the loneliness of her frustrated life, as some people drape their sorrows for all the world to see. There was, moreover, always the faint hope that these letters might be read—if not while she was alive, then after she was dead. Having no one to whom to speak of things nearest her heart, she spoke, maybe, to another generation.

Well, another generation now reads them. They are of extraordinary

interest. Interesting not only for the revelation they provide of a human heart, but of a whole lower-middle-class world from which the traditions have long since passed away. As a picture of life itself it is full of strange scenes and eccentric characters; as a bit of unconscious psychological self-revelation it is nearly unique.

There are, we are told, more letters left to make up another volume. It is good news. Here is the whole inner-life of a "nobody," living among a world of long-ago "nobodies," which is as valuable as if it described the life and world of a "somebody." That is to say, if a "somebody" would ever have so honestly revealed it, without all the popular "publicity" which a somebody feels it incumbent upon him to keep up. The book is infinitely



JOHN RHODE: AUTHOR OF "DEATH IN THE HOPFIELDS"

"Death in the Hopfields" (Collins) is the Crime Club choice for January. It is a detective story, and the setting is redolent of the embryo stages of beer. The story was submitted to a firm of brewers, who reported that Mr. Rhode's descriptive passages were remarkably exact. Some may find it hard to believe that anyone could find time to commit murder with so much beer about, but the story is an admirable one for all that

more mentally thrilling than most autobiographies, or biographies, which usually give a so distorted picture of the real undercurrents of a man's or woman's life. If you are interested in human nature and in the past, you will find it simply absorbing.

An Escape from the Next War.

MOST novels of the Great War seek to make our blood run cold. Nearly all novels of the Next War seek to make our blood run colder still. The former most people are seeking to forget, without, however, losing sight of its terrible lessons. The latter, since it is so related to the former, we seek to dismiss from our minds, without, however, once losing our watchfulness and our demand for preparation. In "Wild Harbour" (Methuen: 7s. 6d.), by Ian MacPherson, we have a story of future hostilities from a new angle, an angle, moreover, which avoids the deliberate horror and cruelty, but is nevertheless more thought-compelling than pages and pages of terrifying detail. Hugh, a social historian, and Terry, his wife, did what many of us have thought we would like to do if another European war broke out; namely, they fled for refuge to a lonely cave in the Grampian Mountains, hoping that they will not be forced to leave their hiding-place until the world is at peace again. They have made certain preparations; have laid in a store of food; have, so to speak, prepared a plan of their life as they will live it alone and in primitive surroundings. But alas! their supplies run short. Being without news, they do not know if the

(Continued on page 58)



PEN AND BATON: MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM AND MR. SYDNEY BEER

Taken after a set of tennis at Mr. Maugham's Villa Mauresque at Cap Ferrat. Mr. Beer left almost immediately after for Vienna, where he was to conduct a series of concerts. He is very well known on the Turf, where his "punches" are apt to be spectacular. Mr. Maugham, as a writer and dramatist, needs no introduction

THE MONMOUTHSHIRE HUNT CLUB BALL



MAJOR J. A. HERBERT, M.P., MISS CLIVE, MR. K. CRAWLEY,
LADY MARY HERBERT AND LADY MARGARET EGERTON



MR. AND MRS. J. B. EARLE, MR. JACKSON, MISS HOLDER-
NESS, MRS. ERIC EARLE AND CAPTAIN ERIC EARLE



LADY MABEL FOX-STRANGWAYS
DANCING WITH MR. J. HARRIS



"CHEEK TO CHEEK": LT.-COLONEL
K. F. D. GATTIE AND MISS PATRICIA
PARKINSON, JUNIOR JOINT-MASTER OF
THE MONMOUTHSHIRE HOUNDS



CAPTAIN CECIL BULL, R.H.A.,
AND THE HON. MRS. BULL

New Year's Night was the date of the Monmouthshire Hunt Club Ball, held at Monmouth. Houses for miles round were full for it, and supporters had never been more appreciative or in better heart. This Hunt Club, founded round about 1835, has a very distinctive evening dress: dark blue with cherry coloured facings and black velvet collar. The present Joint-Masters are the Hon. Anne Lewis and Miss Patricia Parkinson. Former Masters include Major J. A. Herbert, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, who had them jointly with Lt.-Colonel Fulke Walwyn, now one of the Joint Hunt Secretaries. Brevet Lt.-Colonel K. F. D. Gattie, the South Wales Borderers—seen putting a popular song into practice—is G.S.O.2, 43rd (Wessex) Division T.A. Captain Eric Earle, just back from Palestine, is also in the 24th Regiment. Captain Cecil Bull, R.H.A., married a sister of Lord Gage. Lady Mabel Fox-Strangways and Lady Margaret Egerton are débutante contemporaries. They were both born in 1918

ON THE RIGHT: CAPTAIN AND MRS. E. C. LYSAGHT,
MR. P. B. MONAHAN AND MISS M. COCHRAN



Photographs: Truman Howell

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

world be still at war. They must necessarily wait and see, living as best they may in the meanwhile.

Hugh is an experienced hunter and has been used to roughing it in his life. Terry keeps cool and calm, prepared to take her part in whatever privation may be in store for them. They are a level-headed couple, and they love and understand each other. Thus they seek to adapt themselves to circumstances; buoyed up by thankfulness that, at least, they have escaped the utter mental, physical and spiritual demoralisation—which is war. Scant news reaches them from the outside world, but, knowing what war is, they can guess the havoc it is waging in civilisation. At last their solitude is broken in upon by starving bandits, and from them they learn of the ghastly events which have happened in Scotland, where now every man's hand is against his brother; where no man is safe; where friendship, loyalty and sacrifice have been overwhelmed by savagery. But the real interest of this remarkable novel centres around the relationship of Hugh and his wife. How, in their primitive mode of living, they return to the primeval instincts, without, however, uprooting the greater vision which civilisation has given them. They become watchful as animals; scenting danger from afar; becoming more and more part of their surroundings; alien to any place but their environment of valley and mountains; bringing life and happiness down (or up) to their rock-bottom essentials. It is a story of a real imaginative quality; moving, interesting and memorable to a degree.

Almost Fairylike.

Being, like most people, utterly sick of the modern novel in which everyone is sexual, base, albeit sometimes bright and witty (but not often), it was a most surprising experience to read Miss Sylvia Murray's novel, "The Light and Lies" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), and to discover therein that everybody is virtuous, wise, and even when knocked somewhat severely on the head by fate, recovers consciousness, so to speak, to discover that, even so, everything has been for the best after all! It is Miss Murray's so evident sincerity which makes it all readable and enjoyable, but even she cannot escape from a gathering monotony of virtue. If only someone, just once, had done wrong and suffered from it; facing the rest of life bewildered, though not broken, just as most of us have to do unless we die young. But even the woman who was at last resolved to end it all by putting her head in the gas-oven had not herself done anything wrong, and so, of course, this being a novel, she is rescued, recovers, and thanks Heaven eventually for all that has been! But she, however, is only a minor character. The story itself is really woven around the life-story of Johnnie Summers, a so good and helpful boy, with all the virtues of his sex and some belonging to the other, who leaves his native village in Scotland (where everyone speaks a surprisingly good English) and seeks his fortune in a great London shop.

A disappointing love-affair mars his happiness for a while, but the lady is unusually nice and she marries an unusually nice young man, so Johnnie, while emotionally distressed, takes his disappointment in an exceptionally nice way. Yet, strange as it may appear from this brief description of the story, it has a charm which is undeniable. A little too long, perhaps, for its almost unadulterated pleasantness, it nevertheless holds your attention throughout. It is delightfully written and there are descriptions of country scenes in it which are as picturesque and detailed as some charming Victorian landscape in water-colour.

Murder Satisfyingly Foul.

Well, if Miss Murray's novel suffers from a slight excess of niceness, A. C. Trevor's novel, "Death Haunts the Lounge" (Harrap; 7s. 6d.), will provide the happy contrast. It is all about murder. Mrs. Lebrun, who keeps a pretty riverside hotel, has her peace of mind suddenly disturbed by a series of mysterious offers to buy her property. They make her so suspicious that, instead of referring the proposal to her lawyer to investigate its *bona fides*, she consults the police. Which really seemed a pity, because, as it turned out, the local police were extremely stupid and incapable. When, soon afterwards, one of Mrs. Lebrun's guests is found murdered, and almost before she has got over the shock of that, two more corpses are discovered, it appears as if one might almost open any door in the hotel to find a body. However, the readers of the story will spot the culprit a good two hundred pages before the police have collected sufficient evidence to make one arrest! In fact, if it had not been for an elderly lady who writes "thrillers," I do believe they would have been still searching for the criminal. However, official blindness helps to protract a story which has plenty of movement and pleasant thrills, and if the humour had been less forced it would have been more exciting still. But that is the worst of "bright" people; they will insist upon being a "life and soul," even when really it isn't that kind of a party.

Which also is the main fault of John Oliver's "Detection in a Topper" (Herbert Joseph; 7s. 6d.). Here the hero, Thomas, seems so bent upon being at all times the laughing, eccentric "sleuth" that, even when his face is most grim, you can't believe that it is anything but a grimace to thrill the heart of the Cockney boy whom he hires for his companion and as his aid in the unmasking of an unscrupulous gentleman who is trying to abduct a pretty circus performer and lure her to his retreat near Lynmouth, helped thereto by a "gang." However, Thomas, having suddenly come into half a million of money, seems determined to go all eccentric. Personally, I wish his eccentricity had been less outward and more inward: then his humour might have been on a less exhausting level. However, it is all a jolly kind of yarn.



Bassano

MRS. VICTOR MALCOLM AND HER SON, TIMOTHY Timothy's christening by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the private chapel in Lambeth Palace was a recent event of moment. Mrs. Victor Malcolm, in her stage entity, is that charming young actress Ann Todd, and her husband is a grandson of the famous Lily Langtry



Antony Roger

OFF TO IRELAND: MRS. LINLEY MESSEL

Mrs. Linley Messel, the former Miss Anne Alexander, is off to Ireland to act as god-mother to the infant heir of Lord and Lady Rosse. Mr. Linley Messel is Lady Rosse's brother. Mrs. Messel is a daughter of Commander F. J. Alexander, a Joint-Master of the Fernie Hounds

"HEART'S CONTENT" AT THE SHAFTESBURY



DIANA WYNYARD ("ANN FENWICK") AND CYRIL RAYMOND
("MILES CHANNING")



DIANA WYNYARD WITH LOUIS BORELL
("CARL VON RODEN")



DIANA WYNYARD WITH EILEEN PEEL ("LIZA")

"Heart's Content," at the Shaftesbury, is a play of an old love-story with a new twist to it. Ann Fenwick, played by Diana Wynyard, taken to a restaurant by her dull and uninspiring admirer, Miles Channing, falls in love with the waiter. The latter, in the person of Louis Borell, is in reality an Austrian of political importance in his own country. Recalled to face the upheaval that is to set him in high places, he will not allow Ann to go with him as his wife at a time when his country is of more importance than any woman. Returning later as his country's Foreign Secretary, he finds her unsuitably married to Channing. The author, W. Chatham Strode, avoids the obvious and brings a highly polished piece of playwriting from this point to an unexpected ending. Diana Wynyard's capability as an actress is well-established and as widely recognised as her charm; Louis Borell is a young Dutch actor of talent; both of them do extremely well in parts that capabilities of a lower order might leave somewhat incredible



Photos.: Peter Clark
THE PARTING OF THE LOVERS

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST



Howard Barrett

GOLF AND FOXHUNTING

Mr. Roger Wethered, whose name spells English Golf at its best, and Lady Peggy Cavendish-Bentinck at the Rufford fixture at Ossington Hall. Lady Peggy Cavendish-Bentinck is the younger daughter of Lord Titchfield, the senior Master of the Rufford

after Hector Thomson, turns professional, accepting a good offer from the new Buchanan Castle Club. Everyone will respect his honest statement that he could not afford to play as an amateur and that he would rather sacrifice his status than his golf. What kind of a living the game will provide for him will depend upon his ability not so much as a golfer but as a business man. The only British tournament available to him, the Open Championship, can scarcely be expected to yield any more profitable return than the experience of playing in it, and his chief source of income will come from fees for teaching and playing, and the sale of equipment for the game. A fashionable teacher can earn a mint of money in these days, compared with the times of "five bob an hour—and all weathers."

Every newspaper carried its correspondent's estimate of what it costs to be a first-class amateur. Some, I thought, were exaggerated, including that of the *Morning Post*, which gave the cost of each championship meeting as £60 to £75. Ten to fifteen pounds would perhaps have been nearer the mark. My own figure was £300 a year all in, with the reservation that substantially more must be added if a man wishes either to "do himself well" or indulge in a summer tour of the Continental championships.

Two days after McLean's announcement came the news that the number of clubs a player may carry will almost certainly be limited to fourteen after January 1st, 1938. It is a ruling that will not concern the average golfer, except in so far as he cares to take an intelligent interest in the general welfare of the game. Everyone agreed that if you could not play with fourteen, you could not play with two dozen—except the ultra-modern school headed by Henry

IT has been a week full of incident—"extraordinary," as they say of the weather, "for the time of year." First of all, Jack McLean, who must be regarded as Britain's next best amateur golfer

Cotton, who deemed the rule an interference with the liberty of the subject. The Professional Golfers' Association, as I write, are to "discuss the matter at the next meeting," and may make an official protest. If they should be persuaded to take such an ill-considered step, I for one shall take it as proof that they regard commerce as the basis of their association with the Royal and Ancient game. Actually, I fancy that they need have no fears of a decline in the sale of clubs—a view that is shared, they will be happy to know, by Mr. P. L. Forgan, head of the distinguished firm of club-makers at St. Andrews.

The rule will not affect me personally, as I carry thirteen clubs—despite having obtained unquestionable proof that I play better with seven. Nor will it affect the Open champion, who carries fourteen, a number with which Bobby Jones found it possible to win the four major championships of the world in one year. The chief sufferers will be the American professionals, whose golf-bags have now assumed positively fantastic proportions. Johnny Revolta, for instance, carries no less than three Blasters, each differing subtly from the other, and with them has brought to bunker play the same accuracy as to the rest of the short game. Since he is in the game avowedly to win prize money, no one could term his action anything but praiseworthily astute. Gifted as he is, however, with so obviously delicate a touch, I have little doubt that he will prove just as superior to his rivals with one niblick as he did with several.

My own impression is—and I am happy to read that it concurs with that of no less a personage than Provost Norman Boase, the



HENRY COTTON SHAKES HANDS ON HIS APPOINTMENT TO ASHRIDGE

The Secretary (left), with whom the former Open Golf Champion is shaking hands, is Mr. J. Herbert Harrison. Cabinet Ministers and such-like kiss hands on assuming their portfolios; golfers just shake them

chairman of the Royal and Ancient—that the new ruling is still inadequate. The object of the change is to bring back artistry to the game, to make a man produce the golf shot rather than the club which automatically plays it for him; and that object, it seems, would be better served by limiting the total to, say, ten or eleven.



A FAMILY CONTEST AT ST. GEORGE'S, SANDWICH

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Spens snapped at the moment before they began a domestic battle on the famous Kentish course. Mr. W. P. Spens, K.C., has been the Member for Ashford since 1933. During the war he was a fighting man and got three mentions. A happy union of the Sword and the Toga

A REGIMENTAL METAMORPHOSIS



THE DINNER OF THE 4th BATTALION (T.A.) THE LEICESTERSHIRE REGIMENT

Past officers of the 4th Battalion the Leicestershire Regiment recently entertained at a dinner the serving officers of that unit, which has now become the 44th (The Leicestershire Regiment) Anti-Aircraft Battalion. The dinner, at the Leicestershire Club, marked the passing of the old 4th. About fifty officers, past and present, attended, and the chair was taken by Lt.-Col. Sir Frederick Oliver, T.D., D.L., a former C.O. Captain J. Milne, in the above page, wrote the history of the Great War as it affected the old 1/4th, and the book, "Footprints of the 1/4th Leicesters," is an excellent account of their doings. Mel, who served as an officer in the 2/4th Leicesters during the War, attended the dinner, and above is the result of his attack on some defenceless victims

Next Week: Beaconsfield Golf Club

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

IN THE NEWS



Tunbridge

LADY ALMA LE POER TRENCH



Bassano

THE PRINCESS ALY KHAN



Tunbridge

MARY, LADY CLANCARTY



Anthony Roger

THE HON. AVICE VERNON



Lenore

LADY ALLERTON



Bassano

LADY WILKINS

Whether it is a bit too early on to say that this collection of portraits of well-known personalities is a harbinger of the London Season to come, it is none the less the fact that all of them are in the news, particularly, as some may think, Lady Wilkins, who proposes to accompany the much-daring Sir Hubert on his second attempt to cross the Arctic Circle in a submarine, an exploit which to most of us beats Banagher for danger. Lady Alma Le Poer Trench and her mother, Mary, Lady Clancarty, flank the portrait of the Princess Aly Khan, who is a proud mother of a son. Her husband is as keen on racing as his distinguished father, the Aga Khan. She was formerly the Hon. Joan Yarde-Buller. Mary, Lady Clancarty was the second wife of the late Earl, and her daughter is a half-sister of the present one. The Hon. Avice Vernon, Lord and Lady Vernon's only daughter, is to be presented at one of the Coronation Courts. Lord Vernon used to be in the Navy and retired in 1919. Lady Allerton, the former Miss Hope Havelock-Allan, is a niece of the present baronet, Sir Henry Havelock-Allan. She and her husband have lately gone to live in Leicestershire. Lord Allerton is in the Coldstream (R. of O.)

LADY JOAN PEAKE AND FAMILY



IRIS, IMOGEN, AND SONIA PEAKE; ALSO (BELOW)
WITH THEIR ONLY BROTHER, MARTIN

Lady Joan Peake, *née* Capell, and a half-sister of the Earl of Essex, has been married to the eldest surviving son of Major G. H. Peake, of Bawtry Hall, Yorkshire, since 1922. Iris, aged thirteen, is the eldest of their children; then comes Sonia, born in 1924. Martin is two years younger than Sonia, and Imogen, aged nearly three, completes the quartet. Mr. Osbert Peake, M.P., a collateral kinsman of the Marquess of Zetland, represents the Northern Division of Leeds in the House of Commons. Both he and his wife are extremely popular with his constituents, and the fact that they go up as often as may be to their Yorkshire home, Snilesworth, near Northallerton, is highly appreciated. Mr. Peake, formerly in the Coldstream and now a Major in the Nottinghamshire Yeomanry, was admitted a barrister of the Inner Temple in 1923. His business activities include the chairmanship of Airedale Collieries, of which his brother, Mr. Harald Peake, is joint managing director



Photos.: Marcus Adams, Dover Street

LADY JOAN PEAKE WITH HER YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, IMOGEN



AN AUSTRIAN MEMBER OF THE CLUB: EDMUND HAUSER

LONDON'S MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUB

The Babies of
Belgrave Square



THEO BULL ARRIVES FOR A COMMITTEE MEETING



H.R.H. THE PRESIDENT: PRINCE EDWARD
GREETES HIS FELLOW CLUBMEN



A SPOT OF BOTHER FOR
LUCINDA LEVESON-GOWER



A NEAR NEIGHBOUR OF THE PRESIDENT:
PAUL CHANNON, LORD IVEAGH'S GRAND-SON



VIRGINIA TATE AND A
TAME TREE-SPARROW

Exclusiveness is the watchword of many London clubs, but the Babies of Belgrave Square think little or nothing of this black-balling business, and prefer to keep their Club select by making a residential qualification essential for membership. It is the thing to put in an appearance there every day, and Prince Edward, the President, is a particularly regular attendant. H.R.H. hopes shortly to introduce a new member to the Club—namely, his baby sister and most exciting Christmas present. Paul Channon, son of Mr. Henry ("Chips") and Lady Honor

Channon, is just about the same age as Prince Edward and lives next door but one to him, at 5, Belgrave Square. No. 6 is the home of Lucinda Leveson-Gower's grand-parents. Sir John and Lady Mullens, and Theo Bull's grand-mother, Lady Beit, lives at No. 49. The Austrian Legation (18, Belgrave Square) contributes a popular member to the Babies' Club in Edmund Gilbert Hauser, whose father is Chancellor. Mrs. Vernon Tate's five-year-old daughter Virginia went off to ski in Switzerland a day or two after this photograph was taken

A HOSPITAL BALL AT COWDRAY PARK



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, THE HON. LAVINIA STRUTT AND LORD COWDRAY



THE HON. MRS. EDWARD STURDY



MAJOR J. COURTAULD, M.P., WITH MRS. EDWARD WELLER-POLEY



COLONEL AND MRS. CECIL HANKEY



MISS BRIDGET SMILEY AND MR. MICHAEL STURDY, R.N.



LADY COWDRAY AND LORD RIVERDALE



THE HON. DAPHNE PEARSON AND THE HON. "DICK" SAMUEL

Not content with various New Year's Eve festivities, Sussex society got together again the following night for the Royal West Sussex Hospital Ball, held at Cowdray Park by permission of Lady Cowdray. The latter was on the committee presided over by Lady Bessborough, fellow-members including Colonel Cecil Hankey, of Binderton House, Chichester; Major J. C. Denton-Carlisle, of Shopwyke; and Lord Gough's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Sturdy. Mrs. Sturdy's party from Molecomb included her N.O. son, Michael, who trod a measure with Mrs. Denton-Carlisle's débutante

daughter, Miss Bridget Smiley. Lord Cowdray's youngest sister and the Hon. "Dick" Samuel, Joint-Master of the Warwickshire, also took the floor together. Lord Riverdale is the former Sir Arthur Balfour. Major John Courtauld is Member for the Chichester Division of Sussex, and Mrs. Edward Weller-Poley belongs by marriage to a very venerable Suffolk family established at Boxted Hall since the reign of King Edward III. The Duke of Norfolk naturally booked many dances with his future Duchess; they are to be married on Wednesday January 27th—a fortnight to-day

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By
ALAN BOTT



(LEFT)
HERMIONE DARNBOROUGH

(RIGHT)
GEORGE GERHARDT

(BELOW)
ANTONY EUSTREL



THERE was a time when a Russian nobleman of the old régime had but to be announced, and all present (except those well acquainted with Russia under the old régime) would feel an uprush of warm feeling for exiles who, no doubt undeservedly, had lost so much. In those days English Tessas and American Alices blossomed into Tamaras and Anastasias, having opened their hearts (and on occasion their note-cases) to the wearers of Russian titles, real or self-conferred. Audiences in London flocked to see the so-Russian *Chauve Souris*. Half the revelers in Montmartre frequented Russian cabarets, where Russian dishes were served, if not by Russian counts and barons, at any rate by officers from the Emperor's Guard or the Cossack cavalry, in uniforms set to music with a quickening tempo. Your name having been politely requested in these places, it was an experience to hear it put into rhyme by singers in Russo-gipsy kerchiefs, who over the last course had blended your champagne with romantic nostalgia for a two-headed Imperial Eagle under which you never lived, for sights you never saw and sounds you never heard—Boyards, sleigh-bells, horses and soldiery stamping in the snow, dawn over the steppes, revelry at night beside the Neva; all in brave days that were gone, but might well return when Bolshevism collapsed and Grand Dukes were ready with cash and armies.

But that was yesterday: say, 1921 to 1927. Since then, old Russia's past has been over-stressed, most of the barons and Cossack officers have ceased to parade their lost status for a living, and eyes turn more readily to new Russia's dramatic future. Doubtless the *ancien régime*, yet more highly coloured, will in due course return into fictional favour. When further years have englamoured the former Muscovite scene, somebody will invent a Scarlet Pimpernel of the Russian revolution and (after several publishers have declined it) it will flood the world and start a new vogue in Russo-romantic plays, films and novels. Meanwhile, the public's interest in Russia that was in the same betwixt-and-between stage as it now is for tales of the Great War, or as it was for French Revolutionary ones soon after Napoleon fell. The presenters of *Balalaika* have struck no psychological

moment like that for *Cavalcade* or *Journey's End*. This musical play-spectacle is more nearly in tune with life, and contains less flubtub and flimflam, than those hardy, Novellian annuals which at Drury Lane continue to flourish on Ruritanian or Anglo-Chaynese backgrounds. But a probable majority of musical playgoers are likely, other things being equal, to prefer the Chaynese or Ruritanian flimflam.

It can be stated, for those who like their musical comedies to bear some slight relation to the possible, that in the case of *Balalaika* the other things are fully equal. The Adelphi's revolving stage rings the quick changes through eleven animated scenes in ten different settings, vivid in colour and costume. Here are pleasant duos for hero and heroine; pungent duos for soubrette and light comedian, lusty chorus-songs for males, lively chorus-songs for females, all as tuneful as need be and better sung than most. There are also enough comedy, sentiment, plot and spectacular hullabaloo. A huge cast, well drilled and patterned by Fräulein Leontine Sagan, works vigorously. Thus far, the formula is what might have been expected in Drury Lane, even to the inclusion of aristocratic lover, sweet girl who is daughter to a revolutionary, and the good old Misunderstanding that parts these twain because the girl thinks the lover made love in order to discover and betray her bomb-throwing father.

What then, in addition to the formula? On the credit side are a sense of history and atmosphere, a virility of conception in Mr. Eric Maschwitz's story, a proportion of his lyrics that are high above musical-comedy's average, the inclusion in the plot of dancers of the Russian Imperial Ballet, whereby novel scenes and fragrant mass-movements are introduced without irrelevance, and whereby Miss Hermione Darnborough (partnered by Mr. George Gerhardt) has opportunity to dance with delicate distinction.

On the debit side are various other lyrics. Thus—

"I'm going to be like Casanova—

Though he was a wop,

He was the top.

He knew a lot—look at what he got."

And though the melodies are original, certain of them are so much in the spirit of known Russian songs that it seems, wrongly, to be a case of old tunes cropping up again. Parts of *Balalaika* have Bitter Sweet quality; parts are the usual hokum; and between the two, individuality tends to get lost. Miss Muriel Angelus sings beautifully, and Mr. Roger Treville acts and sings with fire; but neither quite fills the need in large-scale personality. The comedy (now strengthened) is well on the credit side. Though Mr. Clifford Mollison still appears too seldom, he and Miss Betty Warren make the most of several sprightly numbers; and when the show is ended, Mr. Mollison climbs from the ridiculous half-way to the sublime, with a finely spoken epilogue. Miss Margaret Withers fusses to good effect as a ballet-mistress.

Balalaikans



LEFT)
ROGER TREVILLE,
MURIEL ANGELUS
(RIGHT)
MARGARET WITHERS



CLIFFORD
MOLLISON,
BETTY
WARREN



THE RUSSIAN WAY WITH
PRINCES:
JERROLD ROBERTSHAW,
ARTHUR HARDY,
AND GENTLEMEN OF THE
REVOLUTIONARY CHORUS

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER,—We are enjoying the mid-January lull that invariably follows the festivities of the New Year, and just now Paris has a charming, provincial air of dignity and quiet that is, alas! but a passing phase in the year's hectic round. Having done all that was expected of me in the way of over-eating, under-sleeping, paying First-of-January duty calls and receiving them, writing letters, sending cards and answering telephone calls from young people who are too lazy to use any other means of conveying the "season's greetings," I have settled down to a few tranquil evenings at home with indescribable relief. For the first time in the six months that we have lived here, I am able to realise the peace and tranquillity of our new home, and revel in the utter silence that surrounds me. "Utter" silence is, perhaps, an exaggeration. Let us say a silence that is broken by the pleasant sound of sparrows fighting over a crust on the terrace outside my window . . . of the rustling branches of the bare trees in the garden, and the faint, very faint, hum of the traffic that hardly reaches us on the "garden side" of the house.

I dislike certain noises. The ticking of clocks or the dripping of a tap drives me distracted, and yet, to my astonishment, I find that the sturdy tramping feet of some children in the flat above do not bother me. It is true that their nursery is over our kitchen and that they only come into the room that is above mine when they are called to their daily piano practice. A curious "practice" that consists of playing the same "piece" three or four times, always repeating the same mistakes, and then going on to another tune equally haltingly played! Never the horrid monotony of stumbling scales or five-finger exercises. Alas that twice a week a music mistress should come and upset the careless tenor of their ways and cause them to break down at unexpected places! I could happily murder her for the way she beats time with her heavy, thumping foot! But, even so the walls of this old house are so thick and the rooms so high that all such neighbourly noises are muted as they descend or climb from one flat to another.

No power on earth (and for this I gratefully say "thank God") can prevent my Skye, Intran de la Chamarrière ("Jock" to his intimates, dear Miss Bruce!), from vocally demonstrating his joy when I return home after an evening's absence. Meeting the overhead-children's mother the other day I apologised for this, and was told not to worry, since they had not even noticed that there was a dog in the house! Humiliating for Jock, perhaps, but a relief to his mistress, who had feared the wrath to come and speedy eviction. This knowledge now emboldens me to make use of wireless and gramophone whenever I please, so that on sleepless nights I can now grope round the world for entertainment. One of the Christmas parties that I went to—if I may revert to such ancient history—was given by Josephine Baker to the stage-hands of the Folies Bergère, and took place between the matinée and evening performance on Christmas Day. There was a tree, there was an orchestra, there were presents, and there was Josephine and, although I have no right to call myself a stage-hand, although I am so often "in the wings," the tree yielded me a heavy, circular parcel that, to my joy, turned out to be the most recent records



Star Presse

MAURICE CHEVALIER'S PRODIGY- PROTÉGÉE: JACQUELINE PACAUD

Many older women will be jealous of this little fourteen-year-old girl, whose name is Jacqueline Pacaud and who is Maurice Chevalier's protégée. She played a small part in his last French picture and did so well that Maurice is having her taught dancing and elocution; in between-whiles she goes to school just like any other young French flapper

that "Joe" has made for Columbia. Four of them are her songs in the revue, of which "Partir sur un Bateau Tout Blanc" (D.F. 2027, French edition) is the most charming thing that I have heard her sing since her success in Offenbach's *La Créole*.

The other night, when sleeplessness and worry were doing their damndest for my sweet repose, I must have played that record till the disc wore thin somewhere around the wee, sma' hours . . . so that it's just as well for my neighbours (to say nothing of husband and servants) that sound doesn't carry in this old house, though I can think of many more unpleasant things than to

be waked from one's sleep by Josephine's warm and golden little voice. I had almost forgotten that the year 1937, which is now beginning to sit up and take notice, is the "International Exhibition" year, and that, if promises are kept, only 125 days remain to the Tinkers and Tailors and Candlestick-makers concerned therewith before the Opening Day. A breathless business that one can hardly believe in when one looks at the dingy wooden hoardings that have annoyed Parisians so greatly all the winter. Suddenly, however, one realises that things have happened behind those hoardings; that stately buildings are almost finished, that some of the new bridges are already in use, that the *parterres* of the gardens on both banks of the Seine are laid out, and that the new Trocadéro will be something very perfect in the way of modern art and architecture. It looks as if we may hope for the best, Très Cher!—PRISCILLA.



HUGUETTE DUFLOS, FAMOUS ON
STAGE AND SCREEN

Mme. Huguette Duflos, the beautiful stage and screen star, was one of the shining lights of the Comédie Française until she left this famous company in order to conquer new worlds. One of her most recent successes was in M. Marcel Achard's "Noix de Coco," at the Théâtre de Paris

SHOT FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT



MICHAEL BARTLETT AND JUNE KNIGHT
IN "THE LILAC DOMINO"



VIVIEN LEIGH: CYNTHIA, IN "FIRE OVER ENGLAND"



ANN SHERIDAN, MOVIE STAR, AT EL MIRADOR, CAL.

Some of the interesting people in this page were shot at noontide—some at other moments, but they all seem to have stood up to it very well. "The Lilac Domino," the Capitol-Grafton film in which June Knight and Michael Bartlett are the stars, has a Hungarian atmosphere, and they are seen in one of the scenes. June Knight will be remembered as the clever young American actress who made such a success in "Going Places" at the Savoy. Little Ann Sheridan was sunning herself at balmy El Mirador. Vivien Leigh plays Cynthia, a Lady-in-Waiting to Flora Robson's Elizabeth in "Fire Over England," the impending super-film. She was born in the attractive tea district of Darjeeling. Elissa Landi is the possessor of a very versatile talent, for, besides being an actress of distinction, she is a clever novelist. Her newest book, "To-Day The Rebels," is said to be a thriller! She will appear as a writer of detective fiction in her new picture, "The White Dragon"

(RIGHT) ELISSA LANDI, ACTRESS AND AUTHORESS



APACHE EVENING

At the Silvretta Hotel, Klosters



MR. AND MRS. NORMAN STREET WENT APACHE, BUT MR. GARNETT DID NOT



MR. ROLAND BLANE WITH MISS "TOTO" KOOPMAN



MORE APACHES: MISS CARNEGIE BROWN AND MR. AND MRS. STODDART BARR



LADY HAWARD, SIR HARRY HAWARD'S WIFE, TALKING TO MR. R. GARNETT

Among Swiss night entertainments of late, an Apache party at the Silvretta Hotel, Klosters, went particularly well. As always, several people were lazy about dressing up, but Mr. and Mrs. Norman Street's effort was a creditable one, and Miss Carnegie Brown, from Auckland, and the Stoddart Barrs, from Sussex, also dressed the rough-stuff part well. Note the amusing wall *décor* specially drawn for the occasion



MISS MARGOT O'LOUGHLIN AND LT.-COM. WILLIAM SEGRAVE, R.N.



MME. LEJEUNE, MR. BILL BRACKEN AND HIS FIANCÉE, MRS. "BABS" GRACE



LORD WESTBURY'S SISTER, THE HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL, AND MR. VILLIERS

N.O.'s at Klosters this winter have included Lieut.-Commander Segrave, his cousin, the Hon. Mrs. John Hanbury Tracy, has also been out there and had the bad luck to break a leg. Miss Margot O'Loughlin is an Australian, and Mr. Reggie Garnett belongs to London's musical colony. Mr. Bill Bracken, the famous ski-er, and his fiancée were with the young French owner, Mme. Lejeune. Mr. Michael Cox comes from Perthshire, and Miss Beryl Winter lives in Sussex



MISS BERYL WINTER, MR. MICHAEL COX AND MISS M. BODENHAM-SMITH



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SOME GRIEF!



THE ATHERSTONE



THE ESSEX UNION

By Canewdon Church from a find in the

"CROSS COUNTRY WITH HOUNDS"

All the attractive pictures on these pages are taken from the book, *'Cross Country with Hounds'*, by F. A. Stewart (Collins: London), and the author is also the illustrator. It is a successor to Mr. Stewart's other book, *Hunting Countries*, and in every way a worthy companion. As in that book, so in this one, the artist has introduced portraits into all his groups and, what is extremely helpful, has provided a key to each picture. It may not be necessary as a guide to the local inhabitant, but it is very handy for the "foreigner." In the Atherstone (North) picture, for instance, the names are, left to right: Miss Edith Inge (jumping), Mrs. Ramsden (wife of the then M.F.H.), Miss Inge (on a grey), Major Roger Manley, Mrs. Inge (a famous former Master), Charles Pavitt (the K.H.), and Captain Edward Ramsden, M.F.H. In the Essex Union picture the names are: Mr. F. J. Rawle, M.F.H., Miss Edith Meeson, Mr. Dennis Brown, Mr. C. T. Sidgwick, Mrs. Dennis Brown, Mrs. Heatley, J. Singleton (1st whip), Mr. and Mrs. L. Kirk, and Arthur Webster, the huntsman. In the Old Berkeley picture the key is as follows: as to some of the figures in the foreground: Mrs. McLéod, Mr. T. K. Debenham, David Griffiths (1st whip, landing over the obstacle), and Mr. S. G. R. Barratt, M.F.H., who hunts hounds himself



THE OLD BERKELEY



From a Meet at Market Bosworth

NORTH)



Marshes by the River Crouch



ARTHUR WEBSTER, HUNTSMAN
TO THE ESSEX UNION, AT A
MEET NEAR FREMILLS



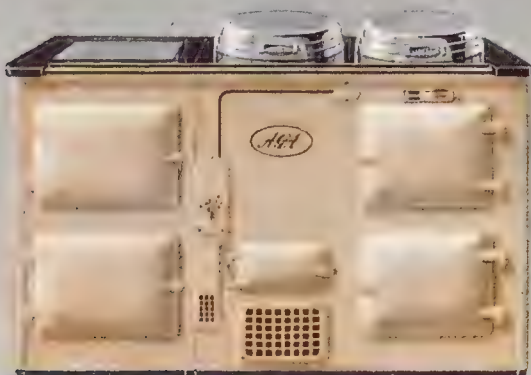
Near Marsh Railway Crossing



LORD GAINFORD (ZETLAND)



CHALIS GATE: "The Gate of Calais" by WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697-1764). From left to right are: three fugitives; Hogarth himself; an anxious French soldier on sentry duty; a priest (seen through Calais Gate) on his way to visit a sick person; a friar; a sirloin cooked by a cook; another anxious French soldier; three fugitives; and an exiled Scotchman. This picture is reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the National Gallery.



LOOKED at to-day, Hogarth's fashions, figures and even faces have an air of antique strangeness: but at least one portrait in this picture is perfectly familiar. You will find the spit and image of his lusty English sirloin in many a modern kitchen: or, rather, its image and an Aga—but no spit. For where, in the time of Hogarth, spits spun out the blistering hours, twenty thousand Aga Cookers now present their bounty of fine food. After that inglorious period of dry and shrunken joints, which followed the passing of the spit, Aga brings back the traditional flavour of the roast. And how much more it brings! A cream and chromium cleanliness: miraculous economy of fuel: the gift of meeting cooks three-quarters of the way. Both the Aga cooker, because it never needs re-lighting, and the new Aga boiler, because it provides hot water in lavish constancy for the use of the whole household, mean a happy new era of good temper in The Great Downstairs.

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GOOD GOING AT THE SOUTH AND WEST WILTS HUNT BALL



MISS ANNE SAVILE, MR. BOBBIE, MR. RONNIE, AND MISS ELIZABETH KENNARD AND MISS P. DENISON-PENDER



MR. PETER HERBERT, THE G.R., WITH MRS. HOLMES, MR. R. B. GREIG AND CAPTAIN GODDARD



MR. HENRY HUNLOKE AND MRS. NIGEL GUNNIS SIT AND TALK



MR. AND MRS. HUMPHREY SYKES WITH (ON RIGHT) LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY



MISS MARY LEVESON-GOWER WITH MR. NIGEL GUNNIS



COLONEL SPENCER AND THE HON. MRS. JOHN MORRISON

The South and West Wilts invariably throw a good Hunt Ball, and they ushered in the New Year in the heartiest fashion at Motcombe House, near Shaftesbury, lent for the occasion by Mr. J. Prideaux. Of personalities seen here, the Hon. Mrs. John Morrison, sister of the Hon. David Smith, is the wife of the Master and Huntsman of the South and West Wilts. Lady Rose Leveson-Gower, who brought her only daughter, is a sister of H.M. Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Henry Hunloke, Sir Philip Hunloke's son, married the Duke of Devonshire's youngest daughter. The Kennards and Miss Pamela Denison-Pender come from the Portman country. Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, is a founder of the Ferne Polo Club



LADY ROSE LEVESON-GOWER AND THE HON. DAVID SMITH, LORD HAMBLEDEN'S BROTHER



AT ADMIRAL SIR LEWIS CLINTON-BAKER'S PHEASANT SHOOT

Some of the guns at Sir Lewis Clinton-Baker's shoot at Bayfordbury, his Hertfordshire estate. The Admiral's Navy war service dates back to the bombardment of Alexandria, where he served in "Monarch," and ended in the Great War. He was in the battle of Jutland and got a mention and many decorations.

In the above group are (l. to r.): Mr. Bull, Sir William Acland, Mr. St. John Hornby, Mr. Annesley, Major Soames, Lord Manners, Lord Francis Hill, and Mr. Christopher Barclay

TAKAHASHI, the Japanese steeplechase jockey who has just been asked by the Stewards of a race-course near Tokyo kindly to refrain from riding for the next three years, said that the reason why he got left thirty lengths in a field of only four runners, was that he had only one eye and a squint in the other, and that his squinty eye was looking the wrong way when the starter pulled the lever. The name of the race was the "Shime" Cup. The populace obviously considered that that was a very good name for it. There was a serious Japanese riot at once, and the people demanded their money back from the Stewards. Why honourable Stewards? Surely they did not think . . . ! In my opinion, Takahashi will have to think of a better one three years hence, and in the meanwhile I suggest he ought to change his name by deed poll to one beginning with "M."

Some of us no doubt read with pride: "The British Crown, the oldest secular instrument of Government in the world, has still a great future which this year will, one is confident, go far to confirm."

It would be interesting to learn what Egypt, for one, has to say about this. In the days when Kings were Kings in that land Upper Egypt wore a high, conical white cap terminating in a knob at the top. His Majesty of Lower Egypt wore a red cap of a similar type. If they had only one King available, he wore both caps, with the red one outside. This was in the times before the people we call Ancient Britons had got even as far advanced as woad.

Pictures in the Fire



ON THE ICE AT KITZBÜHEL:

Mr. Roger Frewen and Miss Diana de Horsey, two of the large brigade of skating enthusiasts. Mr. Frewen is a cousin of Mr. Winston Churchill, and his skating partner is Admiral and Mrs. de Horsey's younger daughter



Truman Howell

A BRECONSHIRE BALL IN AID OF THE WAIFS AND STRAYS

This ball in aid of a Society which does such magnificent work and on behalf of which a recent appeal was broadcast, was very well backed up by all hands, including the S.W.B. (24th Foot) Depôt. In the picture are Mr. A. G. D. Home (24th), Mr. E. G. K. Laman, Mr. R. N. M. Milton, Miss H. Bagshaw and Mr. Austin Jenkins

A correspondent, who admits that he never knew the officer of the "Gadsby" type, to whom a reference was made in these notes *vis-à-vis* the impending publication of Kipling's Autobiography, says that he wonders whether I am right in supposing "Gadsby" would have had a thin time in any cavalry regiment of that period if he had acted (play-acted, I should call it) and spoken like that! He seems to think "Gadsby" quite a "possible."

Don't take my word for it, M'sieur, if you don't want to, for there are bundles of others who were around and about at that period, and who, I think, will also say that officers of the mounted arm were not encouraged to be "hossy on foot," any more than they were to be "footy" on a horse. "Gadsby" certainly was the one, and I should think was the other. The cavalry soldier of those times



AT ST. MORITZ: MR. DELMAR DAVIS WITH KAY FRANCIS

Kay Francis, the film star, was at a recent gala at the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, with Mr. Delmar Davis, a leading Hollywood scenario-writer. He is now busy on the film version of Louis Broomfield's latest book

By "SABRETACHE"



Frank O'Brien

CAPTAIN AND MRS. A. H. HORNBY
OF THE MUSKERRY

Captain Hornby, who has entered upon his fifteenth season of Mastership of the old Muskerry Hounds, is a kinsman of Sir Henry Hornby and a son of Mr. A. N. Hornby, the famous cricketer. He was joined in the Muskerry Mastership in 1930 by Sir George Colthurst

charming lady (Belphebe) which saved Eugene's blushes—for he was a most modest man. And what did they do to the French Count's tail (he came disguised as the Devil), and to the bank manager's billycock hat? And what a shocking thing it was of some other people to deprive Omar Khayyâm Secundus of his trousers and send him home without them! A tail-coat, white waistcoat, and no trousers don't look too good.



AT THE CORVIGLIA CLUB, ST. MORITZ: MR. CYRIL
SALMON, K.C., AND MRS. SALMON

They were enjoying sunshine and coffee on the high side of Corviglia, which is some 8000 feet and provides very satisfactory ski-running down to St. Moritz or Suvretta. Mr. Salmon is a keen and accomplished photographer, who is usually to be found with a pocketful of specialised lenses

was not a savage, but he was not exactly ladylike. Labouchere, of *Truth* fame, thought him so "unladylike" to some of the newly-joined, whose hats were too small for them, that he set about a certain regiment most ruthlessly—so much so that they were called "Labby's Own."

The No. 1 of the 4th Hussars' polo team, now one of our leading statesmen, could tell my correspondent all about it, and so could General Sir Reggie B——, and also Brigadier-General Reggie H——, as also an officer who is the nephew of a famous yachting Peer (defunct) and the son of the present holder of the title! They were a hearty lot and, I admit, most unladylike. What a horrid fright the yachting Peer's nephew, and others, gave dear old Eugene S——, who appeared rigged out most tastefully as one of the little Princes in the Tower, at a super fancy ball, the kind of thing which was attended by Excellencies. They snatched him up and bore him away to a convenient table, where they said they would perform a major operation. It was only the intercession of a very



Holloway

AT COLONEL ORLEBAR'S SHOOT AT HINWICK HOUSE, WELLINGBOROUGH

A photograph taken during an interval in the proceedings. The host, Lieut.-Colonel R. R. B. Orlebar, is on the left of the group, and his guests are Sir H. Brent Grotrian, Mr. R. Allen, Ian Graham, Mr. J. B. Kelley, Miss Rawlins, Mrs. Graham, Robin Graham, Mr. J. B. Graham, Mr. J. Bickerton and Miss Bickerton

There was also the wicked thing they once did at some private theatricals at which the G.O.C. and his lady, who fancied themselves a great deal on the histrionic boards, were playing the leads, a lover and his lass in a romantic piece called, I think, *When the Cowslip Slips*—anyhow, that's near enough. In the crucial scene the lover had to come into a beautiful sunlit garden and discover the lass in a hammock under a tree, birds twittering, butterflies flitting, and all that. Well, these wicked men of "Labby's Own" managed to get access to the electric switch, and just as the General, in gent.'s boater and summery suitings, came through the garden gate and began to make some emotional remarks about the sunlight playing in his inamorata's sunny brown hair, out went the lights. The pandemonium was something too dreadful; and, of course, turning the lights up again quite as suddenly made things no better.

(Continued on page vi)



Truman Howell

ANOTHER GROUP AT THE BRECONSHIRE WAIFS
AND STRAYS BALL

A group of supporters, more or less disguised, of the recent dance in Brecon in aid of the funds of the Waifs and Strays Society.

The names are (l. to r.): Major R. H. Lochner, M.C., Commanding Officer of the Regimental Depot, South Wales Borderers (24th Foot), Brecon; Mr. C. Burney, Mr. R. Haynes, Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner, Colonel M. H. Logan, Miss Joan Crewe-Read, Mr. George Harmood-Banner (heir to Sir Harmood Harmood-Banner, whose seat, Boughrood Castle, is nearby), and A. N. Other



THE YEAR GOES BY: EVENING ON LOCH LONG, DUMBARTONSHIRE

The last hours of 1936 were slipping away with this sunset over Loch Long. A strange and uncomfortable year, full of dangers and sorrows, of "wars and rumours of wars," and with more of suffering and agony in some quarters of the world than a year should fairly bring. It has gone, as the heavy cloud went over these hills, and we are fairly into 1937 with its rich promise of prosperity and splendour. The waters of the lake are peaceful. May this be an omen, for with peace on earth the year, now young, can only be a good one unless it run counter to every indication

A MAN was having his very first lesson in golf, knowing nothing whatever about the game. The "pro." placed a ball on the first tee, and after showing his pupil how to drive, pointed to the flag on the green, and said:

"The idea is to get the ball as near to that flag as you can."

The novice drove off and, by luck, stopped within a few inches of the hole. The "pro." was amazed, but his pupil merely enquired: "And what do I do now?"

"You knock the ball into the hole," replied the expert.

"Into the hole!" exclaimed the novice. "Why on earth didn't you tell me that before I drove?"

A bishop was walking through a village one hot day, and called at a cottage for a glass of water. The old lady who brought it was nervous, and, to put her at her ease the bishop said:

"This is beautiful water. Where do you get it?"

To which the old dame replied, "From the Lord, my pump."

"I was just reading here," said the wife, looking up from the newspaper, "about a man who gave his wife a £200 necklace. Nothing like that ever happens to me."

"And I was just reading," said the husband, "about a man giving his wife a pair of black eyes. Nothing like that ever happens to you, either."

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A small boy was late for Sunday school and the minister inquired the cause.

"I was going fishing, but father wouldn't let me," said the boy.

"That's the right kind of father to have," replied the minister; "and did he explain the reason why you were not to go?"

"Yes, sir. He said there wasn't enough bait for both of us."

The chief constable of a small town was also an expert veterinary surgeon. One night the telephone bell rang and the chief constable's wife answered it.

"Is that Mr. Jones?" asked an agitated voice.

"Do you want my husband in his capacity as veterinary surgeon, or as chief constable?" asked the wife, in efficient tones.

"Both, madam," came the reply. "We can't get our bulldog to open his mouth, and there's a burglar in it."

A man went to his doctor and requested treatment for his ankle.

After a careful examination the doctor inquired:

"How long have you been going about like this?"

"Two weeks."

"Why, man, your ankle is broken. How you managed to get around at all is a mystery. Why didn't you come to me before?"

"Well, doctor, every time I say anything is wrong with me my wife declares I'll have to stop smoking."



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THE NORTHAMPTON XV., WHO BEAT
LONDON IRISH 22-3

Northampton's captain, T. Harris, provided the fireworks of this game, scoring 16 points out of his side's total of two goals, one penalty goal, and three tries

The Northampton names are (standing): V. Watkins, F. Harrison, E. Evan-Evans, J. Dicks, L. Swann, and F. Garratt; (seated) J. E. Howard, G. Sturtridge, A. E. Brookes, T. Harris (captain), R. J. Longland, W. J. Taylor, G. Stimpson; (on ground) S. M. Stock and F. O'Connor

DEAR TATLER,

HERE we are at the beginning of the International Tournament, and, as is usual in purely domestic seasons, we make a start with England v. Wales. The present state of the poll is that, of the forty-eight matches played in this series, England have won twenty-four, Wales eighteen, whilst six have been drawn. It is worth noting that the last two games, one at Swansea last January, and the other at Twickenham the previous year, both ended in a draw, and it is possible to regard the same result as not being at all unlikely next Saturday. Perhaps the Twickenham luck will hold good this time, and certainly there have been one or two occasions when Wales might well have thought that the Goddess of Fortune was shoving in the England pack.

The English selectors have been much worried this season by injuries, and some of their best-laid plans have gone astray. Even at the moment of writing, we do not yet know the side chosen to represent England, and at this late hour the number of "certainties" is disturbingly small. The situation is such that the selectors might well pay very little attention to the trial matches, and go whole-heartedly for the men who served them so well last season. People seem to forget that England very nearly won the Championship; indeed, only lost it through the peculiar interpretation of the rules in two of the matches. As I remarked last week, there is a lack of outstanding players this season, and the new entry does not seem to have been of very high class.

The Welshmen have been rather more lucky than ourselves, except, of course, for their one great loss occasioned by the injury to C. W. Jones, and even in his case they were fortunate enough to have a ready-made substitute whom some people dare to prefer to Jones himself. Not that I would venture to suggest that there was the slightest chance of Jones being left out if he were fit. As a matter of fact, his enforced absence will be regretted by thousands of spectators on Saturday, and they will not all be Welshmen. The Welsh back division practically chooses itself, and while there has been considerable discussion about the composition of the pack, it must be a very near thing as to who gets the places, and it may not matter very much.

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

One has to go back a long way to recall a final trial as dull as the recent game at Twickenham. It was impossible to carry away any lively impressions, either of the tactics of the sides or the performances of the individuals. It was the old story once more, which we have heard so often this season, of the lack of personalities. Surely there must be somewhere in England a forward with the gift of leadership, which is only another way of saying a forward who can think. We must remember that B. C. Gadney was



Photos: Crisp

THE LONDON IRISH XV., LOSERS AT NORTHAMPTON

The Northampton three-quarters "had it all over" the defence and the London Irish were continually penned in their own half, scoring only one penalty goal

The names are (standing): T. Massey, A. Kilmartin, G. H. Gould, D. Stephens, P. de Mestre, A. Lumsden, M. Doyle; (seated) W. Ross, R. Massey, J. L. C. Dillon, T. P. Walsh (captain), T. Cuss, C. J. Griffin, W. O'Sullivan; (on ground) J. de Mestre and C. A. Young

not playing, and he has claims to be considered a capable captain, but we should like to see, if not actually another Wakefield, which is too much to hope for, at least a forward who can keep his head throughout the bustle of the game, and realise that tactics are an important part of it. Quick thinking and instant action have always been the characteristics of a great player, and I am afraid that these qualities are somewhat lacking to-day.

H. G. Owen-Smith came into his own again during the course of the game, although he was certainly given more opportunities. H. D. Freakes, with far less to do, scarcely reached his former standard. It is rather surprising that G. W. Parker and R. J. Barr have so many supporters, for, good players though they may be, they are not, to my mind, the equal of the South Africans. There can be no question that P. Cranmer was the best of the three-quarters, and that P. L. Candler fitted in quite well with him. H. S. Sever was as determined as ever, and there is no man more likely to score from five and twenty yards out. The Rest centres did not create any great impression, but both three-quarter lines suffered from the depredations of wing forwards, and were also handicapped by the heavy going. The meeting of the four half-backs had been eagerly anticipated, but it cannot be said that it came up to expectations. The Cambridge men found it difficult to work behind a slow and erratic pack, and neither of them showed anything like their best form. Much the same can be said of the Blackheath pair, and it was with a certain amount of thankfulness that we recollected that we had B. C. Gadney in reserve.

a big
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a
hurried "hullo darling"—
and you're left
with a hitherto
strange young man . . .



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ever noticed
what
a
blessing
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a
little
bit
"lost" ?

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A-HUNTING OF THE FOX



WITH THE FERNIE: MRS. DOROTHY SANDS
AND LORD BEATTY, HER FIANCÉ



Howard Barrett

A SOUTH NOTTS GROUP AT OXTON HALL:
Captain and Mrs. H. G. Sherbrooke, Mr. Francklin,
Mrs. Richard Francklin and Mrs. Owen Taylor



WITH THE BELVOIR: LADY URSULA
MANNERS AND MRS. COLIN BUIST



Truman Howell

A LLANGIBBY PICTURE: MISS PATRICIA
BELL AND MISS JOAN HAIG



MORE BELVOIR: LADY JERSEY
AND MISS MONICA SHERIFFE

This little collection from our "hunting meadows" is a fair specimen of "the all-round-me-hat" cast, for it embraces two of the best of the Shire packs, a good next-door neighbour of the Belvoir, the South Notts, and the famous Welsh pack, the Llangibby, who carry on business in Monmouthshire. The day the snapshot was taken they were at Llanwern Park, the seat of Sybil Lady Rhondda, near Newport. Miss Bell and Miss Haig, who are seen making friends with some of the Welsh hounds, are cousins of the present Viscountess Rhondda. Lord Beatty's engagement to the beautiful Mrs. Dorothy Sands, who is an American, was announced last summer, and it is said that the wedding is to be in April. Captain Sherbrooke, formerly R.N., and his wife are very popular South Notts personalities, and hounds met at their house the day the picture was taken. Lady Ursula Manners, who was out with the family pack, is the Duke and Duchess of Rutland's elder daughter. The Belvoir were at Holwell. Lt.-Commander Colin Buist, whose wife is in the picture, is a former Equerry to his present Majesty. Miss Monica Sheriffe, who is in the other Belvoir picture with Lady Jersey, has been in the wars to the extent of a broken arm



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NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

THE DIARY

By
ALASTAIR BORTHWICK



He watched the bag begin to slide. It gathered speed, rocketed off a small hummock, and shot outwards and downwards into the crevasse. Six seconds passed before the faint crash of the landing floated to the top

IVES killed him with an ice-axe. After Carrington had finished writing up his diary, and bedded down, and pulled his sleeping-bag over his head to protect himself from the intense cold, Ives had to feel through the thickness of the bearskin for the exact place to strike. That was the only difficulty. The axe had a sharp pick.

There was no struggle, and no mess. Carrington just groaned once, sharply, like a dog having a nightmare; and that was that. Carrington was dead. Ives smiled a hard smile when he remembered that he and the bundle in the sack had once been friends.

Of course, they had made the usual arrangement when they left the base-camp. But they'd had three months' rations then, and two full teams of dogs; and that made all the difference.

"Look here, Ives," he'd said one night. "There's one thing I must tell you before we start."

Ives had laughed. "Well, you needn't look so solemn about it!"

"No, but it is serious. Listen. You're new to this sort of thing. I'm not. I know how things are after you've been with one man alone for a month, or two months, or three months. You begin to imagine things. Silly things—but they seem important. Some tiny little grievance crops up; and you think about it, and think about it; and by the time you've bottled it up for a week you think you're the most ill-used man in the world. I'm not talking nonsense. I *know*. I sulked for ten days when I was with Salvesen in Alaska two years ago—got it into my head that he was snoring at night deliberately to keep me awake."

Ives had laughed again.

"Honestly, old man, I'm serious. I thought of murder then. That's why I want you to promise me something *now*, before it's too late. If we start getting on each other's nerves, we've got to admit it. Understand? If one of us thinks he has a grievance, he'll tell the other. Is that a deal?"

And, like a fool, he'd agreed. Carrington, the swine, must have been planning even then.

First it had been the way Carrington ate. Ives had lain in his corner of the tent at night watching him gulp his food down until he could have screamed. Carrington chewed with his mouth open. He used to think about Carrington's mouth all day as he marched behind the sledges.

But the crowning touch had come later. That had been twenty-three days ago, the night after the three lead dogs had fallen into a crevasse and been killed. Carrington had taken more than his share of pemmican—a great deal more than his share—and had seen Ives watching, and said:

"Sorry. I've taken a bit more than my whack, haven't I?"

He'd re-divided it, but Ives had started to think.

He kept on thinking. At first he had not been sure. He had thought that he might be imagining things. But the conviction grew until it became a certainty.

The maddening thing was that he, Ives, was so scrupulously fair. On the days when it was his turn to divide he halved everything, down to the last raisin in the pemmican. But always Carrington sneaked a little more than was his due.

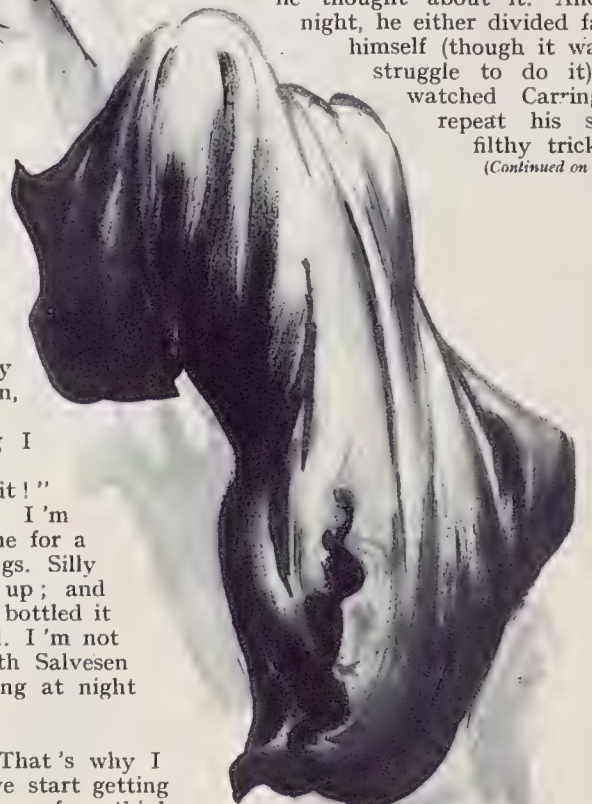
It had just been annoying then; but after the dog-meat gave out and the dogs had to be shot, it became intolerable.

The single sledge they kept was heavy, and as he dragged on the harness in front, and Carrington pushed behind,

he thought of nothing else. All day he thought about it. And at night, he either divided fairly

himself (though it was a struggle to do it) or watched Carrington repeat his same filthy trick.

(Continued on p. 86)



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NEW YORK: CONTINENT: FAR EAST: 11a, REGENT ST., LONDON, S.W.1 (WHITEHALL 6344) AND TRAVEL AGENCIES

THE DIARY—(Continued from page 84)

And the next day, and the next, and the next, on endlessly over the ice, dragging the sledge through hummocks or guiding it over frail ice-bridges with the crevasses yawning greeny-black below, he thought about it; and the more he thought, the more he knew that some day soon he would have to kill Carrington. To-night he had made up his mind.

"Finished your oatmeal?" asked Carrington. "Righto. Sling over the pemmican."

"And that's the last time you'll do that," thought Ives, as Carrington handed him slightly less than his share.

Ives did not even open the bag to make sure he was dead. That was not necessary. He unlaced the tent door and dragged the bag outside into the night, which was night only by the watch and not by the sun. Beside a crevasse he left it, and went back for his bloodstained axe.

There was a little tricky place where the hard, green ice curled down to the lip of the crevasse. Ives had to cut steps down it, because it was essential that the body should go where he wanted it to go, and that it should not catch on an ice-hummock before taking the final plunge. There is no such thing as decay in the Arctic, and the ice-axe leaves a distinctive wound. Other expeditions might pass that way.

Ives trod carefully, for a slip would have been fatal. He hummed to himself for the first time in weeks. It had all been so easy—no witnesses, no body, and no awkward questions when he reached base-

camp alone. A little accident! He was a fool not to have done it sooner.

He cut four steps in the ice and balanced himself carefully as he pulled the sleeping-bag over the edge after him. From the bottom step he steered it round a hummock, and watched it begin to slide. It gathered speed, rocketed off a smaller hummock, and shot outwards and downwards into the crevasse. It was a deep crevasse. Six seconds passed before the faint crash of the landing floated to the top.

Ives was still humming when he ate his second supper, and he chuckled when he remembered that this was Carrington's breakfast he was eating. Well, Carrington owed him a breakfast. Pity he hadn't kept that sleeping-bag, though. It was colder than usual.

The pemmican was good. His mouth was crammed with it when he noticed Carrington's diary lying open as he had left it when he fell asleep. He picked it up casually, and read it while he ate.

Suddenly he stopped chewing for a moment, then gulped. He ate no more after that. As he read he changed. The tension round his eyes relaxed, and the harsh line of his jaw muscles softened. He became the Ives who had left the base-camp three months before.

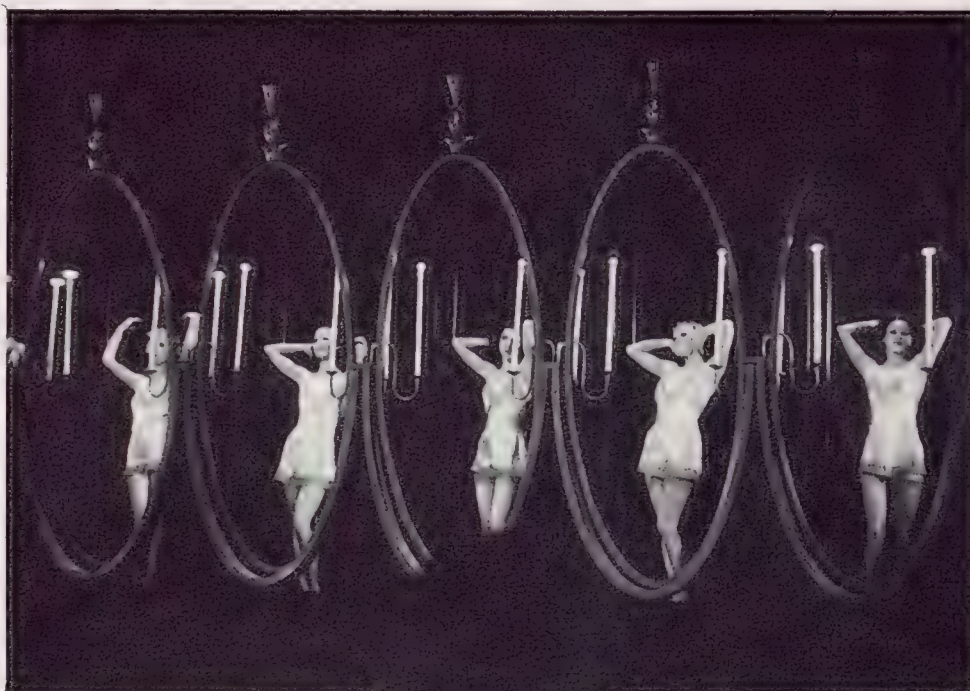
One sentence in the diary—a sentence which headed every entry for days back—burned itself into his brain.

It read, simply: "Ives is still dividing the food unfairly."

Ives sighed as he got to his feet, for he was seeing many things he had not seen before; and as he went back to the tricky place beside the crevasse there were tears in his eyes. For the second time that day he climbed down the four ice steps.

Only this time he did not tread so carefully.

THE END.



GITTA ALPAR: "PLAY IT AGAIN"

"DRESSING FOR DINNER": A NUMBER FROM C. B. COCHRAN'S CORONATION REVUE

Mr. C. B. Cochran, that unfailing purveyor of good shows, will bring his "Home and Beauty" Revue to London at the end of the month. It is now at the Opera House, Manchester, but will finish there on January 23rd and will then come to London. It is a brilliant show, with "book" by A. P. Herbert. Binnie Hale, Nelson Keys, and Gitta Alpar are the spearhead of the company; Rawicz and Landauer and Mursi's Tzigane band provide attractive musical interludes



Photos: Paterson

GITTA ALPAR AND BINNIE HALE



Near Holne, Devonshire

This England

MUCH reverence remains in this England for methods that time has proven and perfected; a tender wistfulness there is in those—like mill-stream and waterway—that are laid aside, their only fault a lack of speed. Yet in such crafts as the brewing of fine ale, maturity is still an essential virtue; only by ancient method and a patient care is your Worthington brought to the mature and mellow strength that men find good.



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AT THE CAERNARVON AND ANGLESEY INFIRMARY BALL:
SIR MICHAEL DUFF-ASSHETON-SMITH'S PARTY

The ball was held in the University College Hall, Bangor, and the picture is of Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith and guests at the accessory dinner. The names are: Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith, Lady Charles Cavendish, Mr. Heber Percy, Miss Teresa Jungman and Madame Provatoroff, who is a Russian. Sir Michael is leaving for America very shortly with his mother, Lady Juliet Duff

Signs and Wonders.

NOTHING in "Old Moore" is or could be more weird and wonderful than the hand signals given by motorists. Not George Robey himself could devise a greater variety of manual manoeuvres and digital discursions than the ordinary driver. He will extend a hand and arm at the slightest provocation, and then flex, turn, twist, bend, angulate, wave, wag, flap, rotate, and stretch them in such a rich diversity of designs, patterns, arcs, angles, silhouettes, figures and forms that nobody will have the least idea what he means. According to Lancelot Hogben, the odds against picking four aces from a pack of cards are 270,724 to one; but the odds against guessing what the man in front means when he sticks his hand out are much greater than that. The whole thing was begun by those extraordinary and impossible sketches in the Highway Code. The hand signals recommended to us—no, enjoined upon us—by the Highway Code are of the kind that would be devised by people with little or no experience of traffic driving. Theoretically they seem useful; actually they are more often a source of confusion and danger. In the first place, it is impossible, in the modern closed car with a high waist-line, to give them correctly; in the second place, they distract the attention of the driver who gives them, and the driver who receives them, from the business of driving.

In short, there are too many signals, and drivers are asked to give them too often. One might have thought that the introduction of the mechanical signalling device would improve matters. Actually, it has had the effect of reducing the authority of all signals and casting doubt upon the whole system. I don't suppose anybody has failed to meet, at some time or another, the driver whose mechanical signal semaphore has become paralysed in the fully extended position,



"A DOUBLE-HANDFUL OF MISCHIEF": THE
DUKE OF AOSTA WITH HIS DAUGHTERS AT
CERVINIA

The Duke of Aosta, a cousin of the King of Italy, was educated in England, at St. David's School, Reigate; his mother, the Princess of Orleans, having herself been born and brought up here. The Duke joined the Italian Army as a private in the World War, receiving his commission later. In peace-time he worked for a while with Lever Bros., in Africa, first as a workman and then as an executive. He has commanded a Camel Corps in Tripoli, and now holds high command in the Italian Air Force. He has little trouble in keeping his small daughters, Margharita and Christina, clear of the ground, since he stands nearly 7 ft.

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

and who goes along in a perfectly straight line for miles and miles while (mechanically) shouting to all other road-users, "I am going to turn right." The result is that it is impossible to distinguish between those occasions when the mechanical signal means something and the occasions when it means nothing. Nor does the automatic return entirely overcome the difficulty, for this sometimes returns the signal too early.

Significant Movement.

I would not be seriously disturbed if all this hand and semaphore flapping meant nothing and did nothing; but, unfortunately, it tends to distract the attention of drivers from a matter of road technique which is of the utmost importance. This is the making of significant movements with the car itself. If a driver wishes to turn right out of a main road into a side road, he should never omit to make the significant movement with his car of edging into the correct stream of traffic and slowing gradually down before arriving opposite the entrance to the road. This significant movement, if it is properly done, is worth all the hand and mechanical signals in the world.

My own view is that a good deal less emphasis should be placed on hand and mechanical signals, and a good deal more on significant movement. French, Italian and American drivers get along very well without frequent use of signals, and English drivers should be able to do the same. But they must learn to perform correctly the significant movements, and they must never suddenly change course without showing other drivers their intention.

Accidents.

There was the usual outcry when the road accident figures for the year were announced. Leslie Hore-Belisha said that they demonstrated conclusively that the speed limit was a valuable safety measure. Other people said that they demonstrated conclusively that the speed limit was valueless as a safety measure. Actually, the figures show neither the one thing nor the other. So many nibbling "safety measures" have been taken during the year that it is utterly impossible for the greatest statistician to say whether any of them have done any good. We do not even know if accidents are going up or going down, because we do not know two of the essential factors—the passengers and the miles, or passenger miles.

It is agreed that the deaths and injuries are too many; but do not let us make the mistake of thinking that by totting them up we are making a move which will allow us to distinguish the causes of the accidents or find out how to prevent them. Accident figures can be used as an emotional flail, to thrash the public to a passion and get them into the state when they will allow all kinds of regulations to be made and all kinds of police action to be taken to restrict the activities of motorists. But they cannot, in the incomplete state in which we now get them, be used as an avenue towards safety.



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AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

This Year.

GAIETY is good business. That is the reason it is encouraged to continue its furtive existence in the United Kingdom. When the industrialists want to pick our pockets, they distract our attention by ordering the Press and the B.B.C. to wave gaiety in front of our faces. How energetically these instruments of oligarchical propaganda tried to build up the Christmas just past as a gay, a happy, a prosperous, a record Christmas! In the anointed cause of commercialism, they exhorted the people to spend more; more than before; more than had been spent in any other country; more, far more, than they could afford. "Here We Are Again!" cried the prosperity headlines—and they might have been the same ones as we read last year or any year. Though kingdoms crash, hearts may be torn, and the earth itself tremble, commercialism and profit-making must go on. I am sorry, as aviation's spokesman, to strike an unwelcome note in this still prevalent atmosphere of optimism; but if I failed to be thoroughly pessimistic I might be ministering to aviation's downfall.

For, make no mistake, a great change of outlook in this country is necessary if we are to develop flying to the fullest extent. The spirit of the time, far from lending us speed, is, to my mind at any rate, the spirit of reaction. It is the antithesis of athleticism and speed. In the fuggy atmosphere of January 1937, aviation cannot live. It demands free, open air. I have complained in a previous article of the lack of leadership in aviation. With the greatest respect to those who hold aeronautical office, I submit that aviation is now without a leader. It is even without the spirit of leadership. Those at the head of affairs seem to look upon it with a cold and clammy disapproval. We have no Lord Thomson; no Sir Sefton Brancker. In the technical and inventive field we have, alas! no Señor de la Cierva.

Lord Sempill.

There is, however, one hope. Lord Sempill has lately, in the House of Lords, been employing his wide knowledge of aeronautics to put some pertinent questions to the Secretary of State for Air. Those questions show the understanding and the enthusiasm which are among the ingredients of leadership. Lord Sempill has taken an active interest in aeronautics since 1912. He served in the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Air Force, holding one of the most important technical posts during the war. He has flown much in all kinds of aeroplanes over all kinds of country. He has represented British aviation abroad, and he has held the positions of Chairman of the Royal Aeronautical Society and President of the Royal Aeronautical Society. If he could be persuaded now to throw his whole energy into aviation, I believe that we have in Lord Sempill the leader we so urgently need. Those who know what is going on behind the scenes in the Royal Air Force expansion programme know that Lord Sempill's questions in the House of Lords were well founded. They know also, what is even more important, that *those questions have not yet been adequately answered.*

Parliamentary prevarication and outbursts of theatrical indignation are not answers to questions. My one hope is that aviation will appreciate its need of a leader, and will make the correct choice before it is too late. Lord Sempill is best suited to the task, and no doubt if he receives proper support he will undertake it. It is for those in aviation to make the selection clear and unequivocal.



MRS. S. DAVIDSON : PILOT OF AIR-LINERS

Mrs. Davidson recently piloted an air-liner from London to Hooton Park Aerodrome, near Birkenhead, where the company for which she is operating will inaugurate a service from Hooton to Speke, running three times a day, and next summer a passenger service to Wales. Mrs. Davidson is seen with the air-liner which she piloted on a recent occasion



MLLE. MARYSE BASTIE, WHO HAS BEATEN JEAN BATTEN'S RECORD

The South Atlantic crossing from Dakar, Senegal, to Port Natal is the only record Maryse Bastie has taken from Jean Batten. She did the journey in 12 hrs. 5 mins., compared to Jean Batten's 13 hrs. 15 mins. from Thies, West Africa, to Port Natal

Air-Cooling.

All cooling is air-cooling when it comes to the final analysis. But the use of an intermediary, in the form of a liquid, has proved valuable in the cooling of aero engines. The liquid collects the heat from the cylinders and cylinder-heads and conveys it to a radiator. There the air does its cooling. Recent developments, largely undertaken by the Fairey Aviation Company, have enabled the drag of the liquid radiator to be drastically reduced by means of a duct. The duct type of radiator takes in the cooling air at a small aperture, slows it down by widening the tunnel inside, passes it through the cooling elements while it is moving relatively slowly, then speeds it up again by narrowing the tunnel before ejecting it again at the outlet. It seemed as if this type of duct radiator would put the liquid-cooled engine so far ahead of the directly air-cooled engine in the matter of low drag—and therefore high speed—that it would give it a marked advantage. Yet there can be no doubt that there has been lately a trend towards the directly air-cooled engine both for Service and civil use.

Thus we have the air-cooled engine used exclusively by Imperial Airways. And we have seen a medium bomber with single engine recently turned out with this type of power-unit. We have also seen an interesting single-seater fighter turned out with an air-cooled engine. It is a machine which is showing a great deal of promise. Nor must it be forgotten that the fastest fighter in service in the squadrons of the Royal Air Force at the present day, the Gloster "Gauntlet," has an air-cooled engine. What of the future? It certainly looks as if the air-cooled engine may gain the ascendancy, at any rate for a time. For out-and-out speed, however, the air-cooled engine has yet to show that it can do as well as the liquid-cooled.

New Types.

It may do so in the future, for a great many new types are being developed. There is the H-type engine developed by the Napier Company. Then there are designs for inverted V air-cooled engines; flat or horizontally opposed air-cooled engines, and X-type air-cooled engines. The sleeve valve, introduced in the radial by Mr. A. H. Fedden, is likely to appear as well in some of the other types. At the moment I do not know of equally striking developments in liquid-cooled types.

EGYPT

23 DAYS FOR 50 GNS. INCLUSIVE

Find summer now – in this enchanted land



To go to Egypt *now*—is to step into midsummer. Imagine it! Cairo — kaleidoscopic, colourful, as old as time, as modern as to-morrow, an amazing mingling of the leisured Western world with the leisurely Eastern peoples. The Pyramids; the Sphinx smiling down upon the desert; the Nile, most fabled, most famous, river in all history . . . Never before could you take such a tour of Egypt at a price like this — 50 guineas for 23 days! Inclusive, mark you, from the moment you leave London till you are back again, bronzed and set up. There are 8 tours in all, ranging from 50 to 80 gns. Some tours include a stay in Luxor and Aswan as well as Cairo—two tours actually include a 7-day voyage on a luxury steamer up the Nile. Fullest information and reservations from any of the travel agencies shown below.

THIS IS THE 50 GUINEA TOUR!

- 1st day London by morning service (short sea route) to Paris and on by night train.
- 2nd day Arrive Marseilles in the morning and embark.
- 3rd to 6th day At sea.
- 7th day Arrive Alexandria and continue by rail to Cairo.
- 8TH TO 16TH DAY IN CAIRO.
- 17th day By train to Alexandria and embark on steamer.
- 18th to 21st day At sea.
- 22nd day Arrive Marseilles and continue by night train.
- 23rd day Arrive Paris, thence via short sea route to London.

OTHER TOURS FROM 56 TO 80 GNS.

FULL INFORMATION FROM THE EGYPT TRAVEL INFORMATION BUREAU, 29, REGENT ST., LONDON S.W.1
 FULL INFORMATION AND ACTUAL BOOKINGS AT ANY OFFICE OF THOS. COOK AND SON LTD.
 COX AND KINGS • DEAN AND DAWSON • FRAME'S TOURS • HICKIE BORMAN GRANT AND CO. • PARRY LEON AND HAYHOE • PICKFORDS TRAVEL
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TRAVEL IN COMFORT BY MISR STEAMSHIPS AND MISR AIR SERVICES

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by
M.E. Brooke



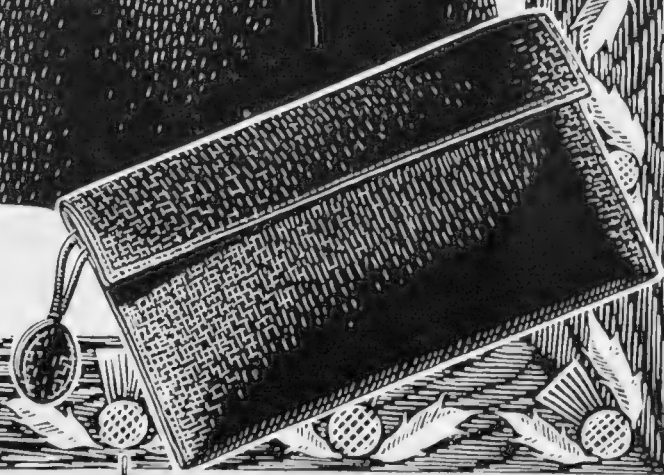
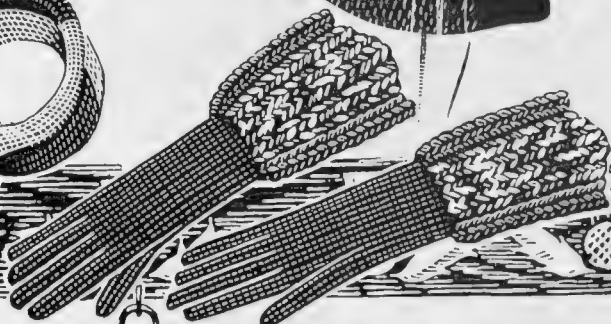
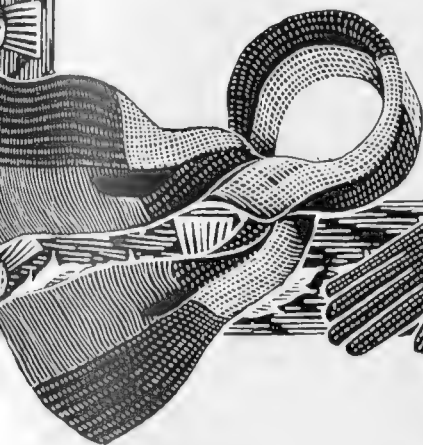
AS many are contemplating a sojourn abroad, Jay's, Regent Street, are showing the advance guard of the spring fashions in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor. It is there that the ensemble pictured may be seen. It consists of a simple frock with tight-fitting sleeves and square shoulders, the neckline being enriched with pipings and French knots. The coat defines the waist, the lower portion being flared and trimmed with silver fox. And the cost, it must frankly be admitted, is twenty-nine and a half guineas. By the way, it must not be overlooked that the winter sale is still in progress; the catalogue would be sent post free

UNMISTAKABLE — INIMITABLE

There is no mistaking a Roderick Tweedie model. Whether you meet it in town or country it breathes that indefinable air of quiet distinction which definitely but unobtrusively places it apart from the crowd. Only profoundly experienced Scottish tailoring allied to materials which are the best of their kind can build such unfailing style—striven after by the many but achieved by so few.



Man-tailored suit . . .	8½ gns.
Swagger coat . . .	8 gns.
Fine woollen gloves . .	16/6
Felt hat	55/6
Scarf	10/6



EDINBURGH: 7 Frederick St.

*

INVERNESS: 29 Church St.

*

CARLISLE: 1a The Crescent

ABERDEEN: 252a Union St.

*

NEWCASTLE: 52 Grey St.

*

DUNDEE: 6 Crichton St.





AS the Coronation is arranged to take place on May 12, much interest is now centred upon the magnificent robes and dresses to be worn by peeresses. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have made the model pictured, in strict accordance with the regulations issued by the Earl Marshal: "The degrees of peeresses are indicated by the width of the miniver edging the mantle, the length of the train, and the number of ermine 'bars' on the cape." As this robe has been designed for a countess, there are three bars of ermine, a three-inch edging of miniver and a train measuring one and a half yards in length. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, have contributed the coronet, also the beautiful jewellery, including the pearl necklace

When pressed to speak *the best syphons say . . .*



Schweppes



★ **Schweppes Soda Water**
is also sold in Bottles—
Large, Splits & Schweplets

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Shortly

On January 22, Mr. Joseph Russell Fishbourne and Miss Jean Caroline Harrison are being married in St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; Mr. Charles Anthony Gilkison, the son of the late Captain D. S. Gilkison, Scottish Rifles, and of Mrs. Gilkison, of 14, Stanford Court, S.W., is marrying Miss Thelma Hair, the daughter of the late Dr. Allan Hair, of 91, Hillfield Court, Hampstead, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields on January 23; on the same day

J.P., of Ashleigh, Leopold Road, Wimbledon, and Miss Rosemary Whitchurch, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Halliday Whitchurch; Mr. Oswald Bingham Younger, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the youngest son of Lieut. Colonel J. H. Younger, O.B.E., and Mrs. Younger, of Hassendeanburn, Hawick, and Miss Dorothea Elizabeth (Betty) Hobbs, the younger daughter of the late Lieut. Colonel C. J. W. Hobbs, D.S.O., Sherwood Foresters, and Mrs. Hobbs, of Longhedge, Horsted Keynes, Sussex; Flight-Lieutenant Gordon Richard Brice, R.A.F., the youngest son of the late Mr. George Brice and Mrs. Brice, of Rochester, Kent, and Miss Catherine Nairne, the only daughter of Major R. G. Nairne and Mrs. Nairne, of Woodmount, Hythe, Southampton; Major Ian M. Stewart, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the son of Lieut. Colonel A. K. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart, of Achnacone, Appin, Argyll, and Miss Ursula Morley-Fletcher, only daughter of Mr. Bernard Morley-Fletcher, of Cuttnill Rise, Shackleford, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Morley-Fletcher; Mr. A. Lister Walsh, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Lister Walsh, and Miss Phyllis J. Griffie-Williams, younger daughter of Mr. N. L. Griffie-Williams.



Hay Wrightson
MISS RICHENDA BUXTON

The eldest daughter of the Rev. Arthur and Mrs. Buxton, of 19, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W., and niece of Lady Hazelrigg, who is to marry Mr. George Blaker, the only son of the late Colonel W. F. Blaker, D.S.O., O.B.E., R.A., and of Mrs. Blaker, of Gaveston Place, Nuthurst, Sussex

the marriage will take place in Albany, New York, between Mr. Brian Patrick Matthews, of Eastburn, near Keighley, and Miss Barbara Fitchen, of Albany, New York; early in February, Mr. S. B. Norwood, of Preston and Lytham, Lancashire, marries Miss Amy R. Mannock, the younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. N. Mannock, of Ramsey, Isle of Man, very quietly in London; and on February 6 Mr. Archibald Clayton and Miss Ruth Evelyn (Prue) Goddard are being married at St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Street.

Recently Engaged.

Mr Henry Weston Wells, the son of the late Sir William Henry Wells, D.L., and of Lady Wells,



Clapperton
MISS ELSPETH RITCHIE AND
LIEUT.-COLONEL F. G. PEAKE

Whose engagement was announced in December. Lieut.-Colonel F. G. Peake, C.B.E., is the only son of the late Colonel W. A. Peake, D.S.O., and Mrs. Peake, of Burrough-on-the-Hill, Melton Mowbray, and his fiancée is the younger daughter of the late Mr. D. Norman Ritchie and of Mrs. Ritchie, of The Holmes, St. Boswells, Roxburghshire



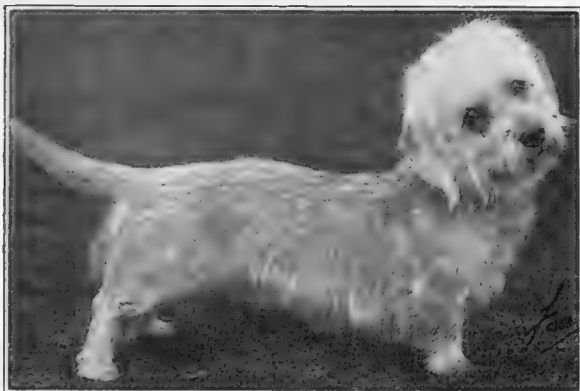
MISS BARBARA STOWELL

The only daughter of Mr. T. E. A. Stowell, F.R.C.S., M.D., Chairman of the Industrial Welfare Society, and of Mrs. Stowell, of 20, Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park, W., who is engaged to Mr. John Wynne-Aubrey Meredith, Indian Army, the only son of Colonel and Mrs. Meredith, Artillery Barracks Fremantle, W. Australia

LADIES' KENNEL

Mrs. Carlo Clarke, at one time one of our most prominent members, died on December 24. Mrs. Clarke joined the Committee of the L.K.A. shortly after its foundation, and was Chairman of the Show Committee from 1908 till its activities ceased in the war. She also conducted this page for many years. Mrs. Clarke was one of the pioneers of the women's movement in dogs, and was one of the first women judges appointed. In her time she kept all varieties, but was chiefly known by her successful kennel of Bulldogs and Miniature Bulldogs. She was a woman of a most kind and generous disposition, always ready to help both with advice and money. Many a novice has been started or a "lame dog" helped by her, and she did countless kind acts which never saw the light of day.

The Long-haired Dachshund is rapidly coming into favour. He has all the mental characteristics of smooth Dachshunds and is also an extremely handsome dog. Mrs. Smith Rewse has a kennel of this variety and has had a wonderfully successful season. She writes: "My dog Ch. Roderick of Primrose-patch won five championships, twelve best of sex and twenty-three firsts; Golden Lady won one certificate and many firsts, and I had a good many other winners as well. Walda got the cup for the best Long-hair either sex at the



HILLARY PUFF
The property of Miss C. Joan Horsfall

Dachshund Club Show. I have sold some good dogs, but still have some really beautiful ones left, as well as a lot of good puppies—all dogs, and as I simply must have room, I would sell some very cheaply as pets. All are by champions and some are winners." Mrs. Smith Rewse has bred three champions:



BLACK GRIFFON PUPPY
The property of Mrs. Ionides

ASSOCIATION NOTES

The Griffon is one of the most attractive of the so-called Toy breeds. Except its very small size, there is nothing toyish about it; it can take its part anywhere and is far from being timid and shrinking. Mrs. Ionides has a large kennel of Griffons, reds and blacks. She sends an entrancing picture of a little black smooth imp, Vulcan Vimbo, aged 4½ months. There are puppies of all ages for sale, also some black bitches which should do to breed from. Mrs. Ionides' kennels are at Twickenham, where both Griffons and Poodles can be seen.

Miss Horsfall has moved into the country, and writes as follows: "Just to let you know the Hillary Dandies are now settled in their Dorset home, but their numbers are not going to be much increased, as I always prefer to have them as my own companions and not kennel dogs, and to breed very carefully and, as far as possible, keep the type and intelligence of the breed." The photograph is of Hillary Puff, winner of the Dandie Club's Breeders' Cup for the best mustard bitch, 1936. There is a charming pepper bitch puppy of Puff's for sale; she is full of character and absolutely sound.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



DACHSHUNDS
The property of Mrs. Smith Rewse

SKI PARADISE AUSTRIA

WHERE THE
WINTER-SEASON
IS AS GAY AND INEXPENSIVE AS EVER

Explanation: The numbers indicated in the map of Austria correspond with those mentioned in each advertisement, ordinary numbers indicating a place, Roman numbers indicating a province of Austria.



1. VIENNA,

Life is short—hurry
to enjoy Vienna
during the carnival.

1. Hotel Sacher, Vienna

Opposite the Opera,
exclusive but inexpensive.

2. SEMMERING (3,500 feet alt.)

Austria's fashionable Winter Sports resort. All sports. Alpine Casino.
BY RAIL OR CAR IN 1½ HOURS FROM VIENNA

2. SÜDBAHN HOTEL SEMMERING

The Leading House : Strictly First Class
ALL WINTER SPORTS INDOOR SWIMMING POOL

II. TYROL, the country of wintersports, invites you cordially.

Information, folders, etc., at all travel-agencies and at Landesverkehrsamt für Tirol, Innsbruck.

3. ST. ANTON am Arlberg

1,000 beds, all prices.
Ski-ing instruction by Hannes-Schneider-School.

4. GALTÜR-Tyrol-Silvretta (5,500 feet.)

Railway Station Landeck on the Arlberg Line. International Winter Sports resort. Ideal Ski-ing fields for beginners; many excursions possible. Hotel and Board from 7 to 16 Austrian Shillings, no extra charges. Five o'clock Tea, Amusements, Ski-races. Information: Verkehrsverein Galtür.

4. Hotel Fluchthorn, Galtür, Tyrol

(5,300 feet)
Winter Sports Hotel, every comfort. Concert every afternoon, amusements every night. Ideal for rest and sport. Centre of SILVRETTA—and FERWALLGRUPPE. Folders.

5. INNSBRUCK

SKI-ING AND SUNBATHING!

6,500 feet above the sea at Seegrube and Patscherkofel. Cheap cable railway fares; special "ski-tickets." Always plenty of snow. Ski-Panorama and new folder by "Verkehrsverein Innsbruck."

6. IGLS. Golf-Hotel, Iglerhof

(3,000 feet). Sun-Rest cure—every kind of winter sport. Cable railway to 7,000 feet. First Class Hotel-180 Beds, every modern comfort, Vienna Orchestra. Full board from 12 Austrian Shillings. Telephone: Innsbruck 1665.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL WINTER SPORT PLACES.

(Provinces arranged according to geographical position from West to East.)

I. VORARLBERG	Feet Above Sea Level	II. TYROL (contd.)	Feet Above Sea Level	II TYROL (contd.)	Feet Above Sea Level	V. STYRIA	Feet Above Sea Level
Bödele ...	3,762	Galtür ...	5,224	St. Anton a/Arlberg ...	4,300	Bad Aussee ...	2,145
Brand ...	3,460	Gerlos ...	4,095	St. Johann i/Tirol ...	2,211	Mariazell ...	2,887
Gargellen ...	4,620	Gerlosplatte ...	5,600	III. SALZBURG		Mitterndorf ...	2,680
Körbersee ...	5,594	Hintertux ...	4,930	Hofgastein ...	2,870	Turracherhöhe ...	5,818
Lech a/Arlberg ...	4,620	Hochsölden ...	6,830	Lofer ...	2,140		
Schröcken ...	4,191	Igls ...	2,700	Radstadt ...	2,825	VI. UPPER AUSTRIA	
Schruns ...	2,308	Ischgl ...	4,544	Saalfeld ...	3,300	Bad Ischl ...	1,544
Stuben a/Arlberg ...	4,520	Kitzbühel ...	2,650	St. Johann i/Pongau ...	1,874	Feuerkogel ...	5,280
Zürs a/Arlberg ...	5,676	Kitzbühel-Ehrenbachhöhe ...	6,030	Zell a/See ...	2,487	Spital a/Pyhrn ...	2,177
		Kühtal ...	6,586	IV. CARINTHIA		VII. LOWER AUSTRIA	
II. TYROL		Lermoos ...	3,287	Heiligenblut ...	4,300	Semmering ...	3,300
Alpbach ...	3,210	Seefeld ...	3,900	Kanzelhöhe ...	4,900		
Berwang ...	4,422	Steinach a/Brenner ...	3,277	Mallnitz ...	3,960		
Ehrwald ...	3,290						

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Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 77

Touching and concerning the works of fiction supplied to the public in these modern times, about which so much acrimonious criticism has been recently forthcoming, an eminent publisher has taken up the cudgels on behalf of the novelist. He has told me that, in his opinion, it is not the novelist's fault if his work is banal to the point of boredom, because in our modern world he is deprived of that "suspense" which stood the writer of romance of earlier times in such good stead. Ouida, Miss Braddon, Miss Rhoda Broughton, and all the others of their epoch, were always able to use the "something worse than death" as a sword of Damocles hanging by a single hair over the heroine's head. Nowadays, so the eminent publisher asserts, it is impossible for any writer of romance to persuade his readers that any modern hard-boiled heroine cares two flicks of a duck's tail about that sort of thing, knowing that no villain, however black-hearted a dog he may be, has anything on her. She laughs him to scorn and tells him to "go jump in the lake." Her answer, in fact, is "Scram! you big stiff." The American language seems to me to express the state of things so much better than our own. Murder, my friend says, is done to death, and that the novelist will have to think up some new ideas. Throat-cutting, strangulation, with even artificial silk stockings, and poisoning are completely stale. This is unfortunate, of course, but I fear very true. How about a few rattle-snake or cobra murders, or animal crackers in the victim's soup? It could be done by



ST. MORITZ AT ITS BEST

Some of the hundreds of enthusiasts who are having a good time on the first-class snow; left to right: Mr. More O'Farrell, Mrs. Vincent Paravicini (the former Lysa Maugham, daughter of the renowned playwright and novelist, Somerset Maugham), Lady Moira Forbes, Lord and Lady Granard's elder daughter, and Mr. Vincent Paravicini, only son of the Swiss Minister to Great Britain, M. Charles Paravicini. St. Moritz was cram-full at Christmas and is reported still so to be

having something in the way of explosive snippets which would go off with a devastating bang on contact with the spoon. I am thinking along the lines of submarine mines. This might introduce an attractive variety into capital crime, and would enable suspicion to be cast upon an almost illimitable number of persons.

Then again, why do our novelists continue to fight shy of a legal romance? Solicitors, counsel, and even the Bench, are sadly neglected. They are never given a fair chance either as troubadours or picturesque Dacoits. This could be altered so easily—and it need not stop at judges, barristers and the eminent gentlemen who "instruct" them. Why not a novel with the arresting title of "The Love Story of A Cestui Que Trust and A Residuary Legatee"? A Cestui Que Trust, as I am instructed and believe, is a person who has access to someone else's money or boodle, as, perhaps, we ought to call it. A Residuary Legatee, so a legal adviser assures me, can be almost anything from a completely witless ape to a poisoner. Does anything here stated suggest any idea to our novelists which might tickle the palate of a public which we must realise is hyper-Athenian in its literary tastes? Chartered accountants also appear to have been left out in the snow where crime and love are concerned, and society editors and vinegar cats might likewise be given a better chance in this direction than has hitherto been afforded them. Most of us are sick of company promoters, fraudulent directors, peroxide and ox-eyed blondes, and keepers of talking mongeese.

BEFORE



AFTER



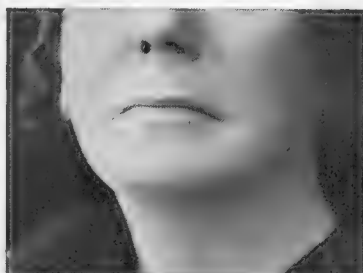
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Only one of the many miracles of facial improvement achieved by this scientific and absolutely infallible process . . . the result of 25 years' constant practice and experience. These four photos are absolutely *unretouched* and the "afters" were taken *one week* after the treatment, which is permanent. Restoration of facial contour: nose remodelling, removal of double chin, nose-to-mouth lines, skin flaws, accident scars, etc., are all equally successful, painless, and safe. 10,000 men and women have proved the value of treatment by the world's greatest expert. Consultations Free.

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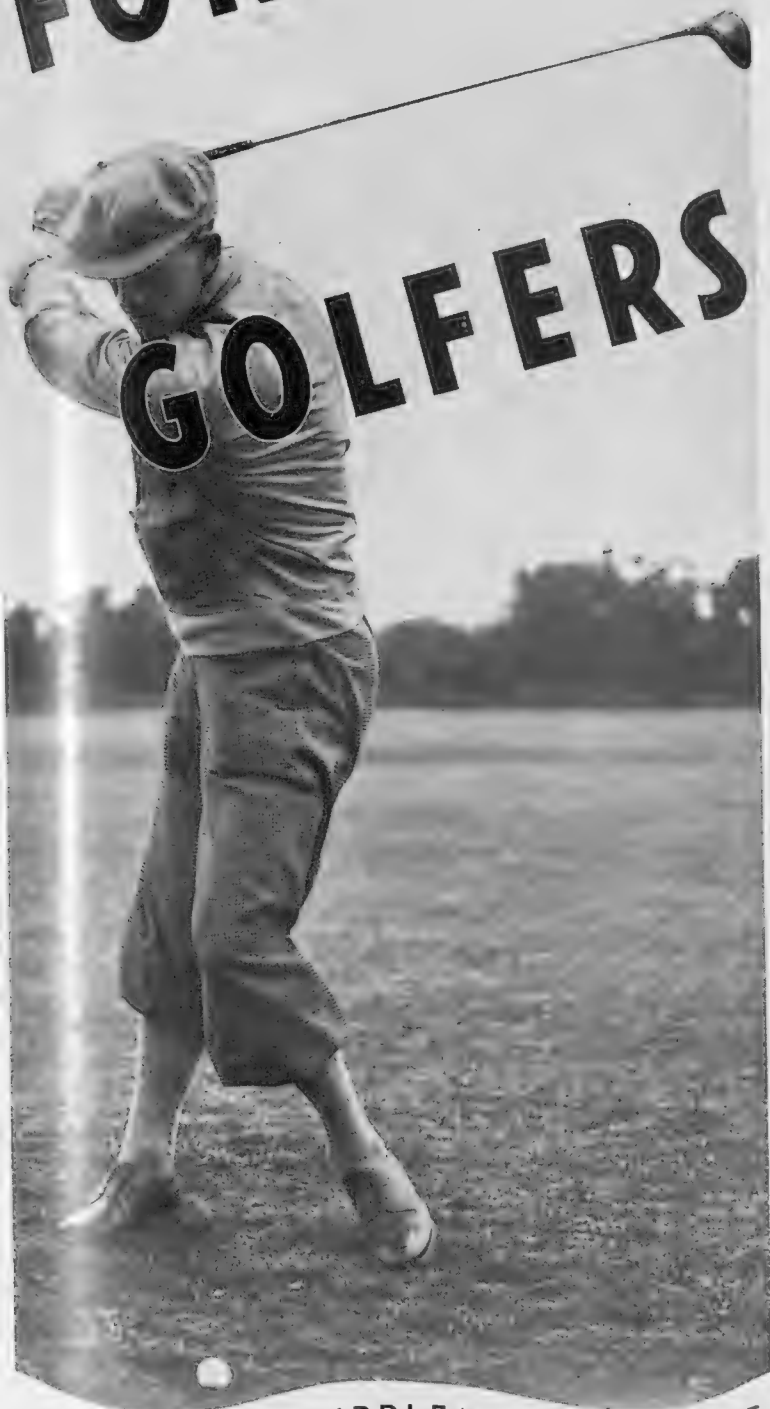
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The SAFEGUARD

Germicidal Antiseptic for All Household Purposes and Personal Hygiene

6d. 1/- 1/6

FOR GOLFERS



A WEEKLY SUPPLEMENT IN THE SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS

Well worth reading . . . this feature "For Golfers." It covers the more important events of the year with picture and story, and incorporates interesting and instructional articles. Among regular contributors are Berwick Law, Major Sir Guy Campbell, Guy Farrar, R. C. Robertson-Glasgow, Peter Lawless and George C. Nash.

Of all Newsagents and Bookstalls—Every Friday

THERE IS *Also* Snow IN FRANCE



Thousands of holiday-makers discovered the **France of Winter Sports**—the land of snow and sun which is so near—and where the £ goes so much farther!

They had a fine time—ask anyone who went—but the best time to go is from now till March. The holiday rush is over—your choice of accommodation is greater, the trains less crowded (*fares have been greatly reduced*)—the days are longer and sunnier, the snow deep and powdery. Come along! There is a resort for every purse and sport for everyone—you don't have to be an expert to enjoy Winter sports!

Put on your sports costume—take the train—and the very next day you will be far from your daily cares, drinking in the invigorating mountain air, basking in summer sun, skating, ski-ing, having a world of fun! And don't forget the treat of delicious French food. Ask for the free illustrated Winter sports booklet:

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179, PICCADILLY, W.1
OR ANY TRAVEL AGENCY

WINTER SPORTS IN
FRANCE
IT'S NEARER!.. IT'S CHEAPER!..

From the Shires and Provinces—cont. from p. 54

Day it will not be necessary for Irishmen to leave the course until the Thursday morning.

From the York and Ainsty

The present time might be called, first, the period of hunt balls, and, secondly, the period of rumours as to next season's master of the North pack; various eminent personages have had their names mentioned in connection with the latter. Anyhow, let us hope the Northerners will soon have what the Prayer Book calls a happy issue out of their afflictions. Thursday (December 31) found them at Staveley, where they had quite an enjoyable, if very local, day, with a nice thirty-five minutes round Spellow and two further hunts from Roecliffe Thorns and Roecliffe Whin—the latter of fifty minutes and the best fun of the day. The South pack were out the same day, at Huby, and this turned out better than we expected. The first fox from the Folly led hounds in a big, right-handed ring, by Crayke and Stillington, back to the Folly, whilst another from Hawkshills Old Wood gave a nice hunt almost up to Brandsby before beating hounds between Stillington and Farlington. On January 2 the South tried the experiment of meeting in the Ainsty on a Saturday, but we understand this won't be permanent. Various people turned up at Marston Station thinking they'd get a jolly over the grass and timber round Red House. To some extent they did get it (the two Kittys being among the casualties); but though the lady pack secured three foxes it was a disappointing day, most of it spent waiting in or around the coverts.

We had better draw a veil over the Northerners' Monday at Tholthorpe, merely remarking that it was as nearly a blank day as could be. Highfield on Tuesday (January 5) with the South lady pack was quite good fun, with enough galloping and jumping—including the Hell Dike—to satisfy anyone, and we hope the Bramham Moor and Holderness visitors thought their journey worth while.

From the Fernie

Fog has hampered our recent movements, and on Monday from Arnesby there were games of hide and seek as hounds got well away from the majority of the field. Gwens Gorse gave us the first

fox, and he took us straight into Atherstone territory, so much so that we were close to the South Atherstone pack itself, and some of our stragglers might well be hunting with them in error, so dense was the murk. We were pleased to see Lord Beatty with us again, and also a strong contingent of Meltonians and also the Master of the Limerick. A pink coat and a trilby hat seem incongruous, yet one of our celebrities appeared in this ensemble. Absent-mindedness, however, is excusable at this festive season. We sympathise with the General on the loss of a good horse. When forces were united at Gilmorton later a ringing hunt over the Knaptoft area finished the day. The Rolleston meet on Thursday drew a large number from over our borders. Soldier men were much in evidence, all branches of the Service being represented. The Earl of Macduff (Greys) was revisiting us, and had a topping good day. From the Dingle a fox was soon viewed away, and led hounds a dance over the Ashlands and Billesdon Valleys, to turn for Norton Gorse, where he gave up his brush. Forty-five minutes all out, with fences galore to suit every fancy. Needless to say, there were many on the floor, but the soft going prevented anyone getting hurt. Second horses were in demand after this fine run, and the lucky ones had another hunt over much the same line, to end at Stoughton. This was indeed a red-letter day.

From Lincolnshire

New Year's hunting was much better than that at Christmas. The Belvoir, for example, had a first-class day from Sapperton on January 1. Some of the regulars, unfortunately, missed this best Friday of the season. The essence of it was contained in a great gallop from Newton Wood. For two hours hounds surged round and round the Haceyby, Sapperton, Pickworth, and Walcot countries with a wonderful cry, until one-horse followers cried "enough" and went home at 2 o'clock. R., who lost a coat tail coming through a bull-finch, was lucky not to leave the saddle as well. It was a very close shave. Only a favoured few went on to Heydour Southings. A fox from there went away in a storm, and inky blackness prevailed. Everybody got drenched, and it required almost a candle and lantern to stop hounds at Welby Warren.

The Southwold at Gunby Gate, and the Brocklesby at Roxton, found a surprisingly good show of foxes and there was not a dull moment. Each pack had a mask hanging to the saddle at the end of the day.



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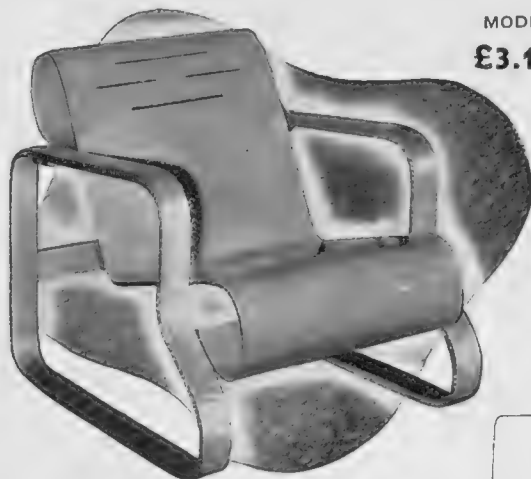
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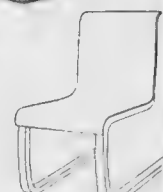


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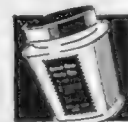
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The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, earnestly plead for donations to help a woman worker aged sixty-four. By profession a milliner, she developed acute chest trouble and had to abandon a good business and go to South Africa for her health's sake. Though her chest was cured, she developed arthritis and had to return to England three years ago. Since then she has tried hard to earn a few shillings, but after several weeks of severe bronchitis she realises she must enter a home. Her income is 22s. weekly, and a charitable society has raised another 8s. weekly, but the fees at the home, where she would be happy and comfortable, are 35s. weekly. The Friends of the Poor need £20 to cover the fees and provide a little pocket money.

"Whitaker" for 1937 is published in three editions: Library Edition, leather binding with thirteen coloured maps (1,064 pages), 12s. 6d. net; Complete Edition, red and green cloth cover (1,064 pages), 6s. net; Abridged Edition, orange paper cover (760 pages), 3s. net. All editions contain a large-type index of 243 columns. The Coronation Ceremony, as last observed, is given in detail in all editions, and a conspectus of the Royal Family, from the time of King George III, shows the relationships between the House of Windsor and the other Reigning or Royal Houses. Various additions have been made to the official sections, including the staff of the Departments for Co-ordination of Defence, Munitions Production, Air Raids Precautions, and of the Unemployment Assistance Board; a list of the Secretaries of State for Scotland and a Table of Precedency for the Northern Kingdom; Members of the Privy Council, Senate and House of Commons of Northern Ireland; and the results of the 1936 Census of the Irish Free State, and of many of the Dominions beyond the Seas. The Complete and Library

Editions also contain historical and statistical articles dealing with India, the Dominions and Colonies, together with special articles on matters of current interest, among them being Overcrowding in England and Wales, Fixed and Flexible Trusts, Exchange Equalisation Funds, Sterling in relation to Gold, Manorial Incidents and Tithes; while annual summaries deal with Weather, Science and Invention, Art, Literature, Drama, Films, Broadcasting, Television, Gliding and Stratosphere Flights.

"Kelly's Royal Blue Book, Court and Parliamentary Guide," for 1937, has just made its always welcome appearance, price 7s. 6d. net. As is well known, this book, which has been issued for over 100 years, gives the names, addresses and telephone numbers of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in the Western districts of London. The area covered may roughly be taken as that bounded by Hampstead on the North, the Chelsea reaches of the Thames on the South, Bloomsbury on the East, and West Kensington on the West. The names and addresses are arranged: (1) according to streets; (2) in one alphabetical list of names, with addresses and telephone numbers. The book contains a classified Trades' Section, especially useful to the West End shopper, and a full Parliamentary Directory. Much useful information is also given with regard to the Royal Households, the Government Offices, and the Principal clubs; while a list of golf clubs within reach of London, with the name of the secretary, the nearest railway station, telephone number, fees, etc., and a theatre supplement containing seating plans are other popular features. A Street Plan (4 inches to the mile) is included.



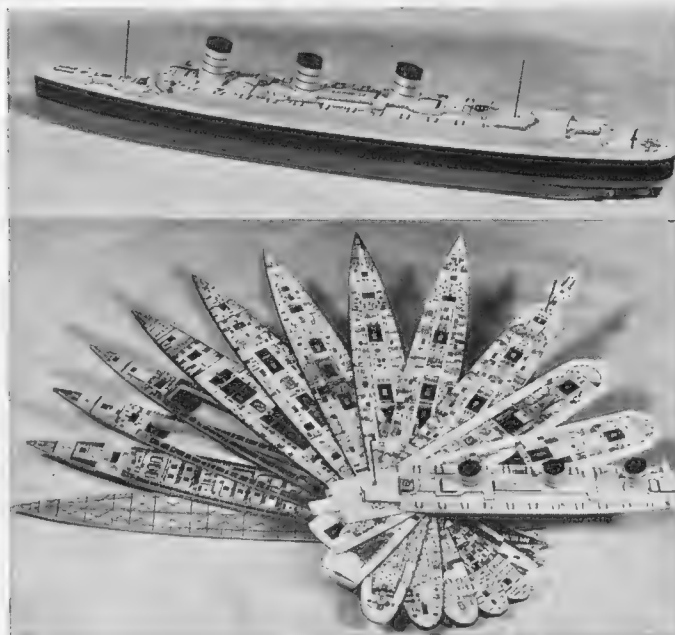
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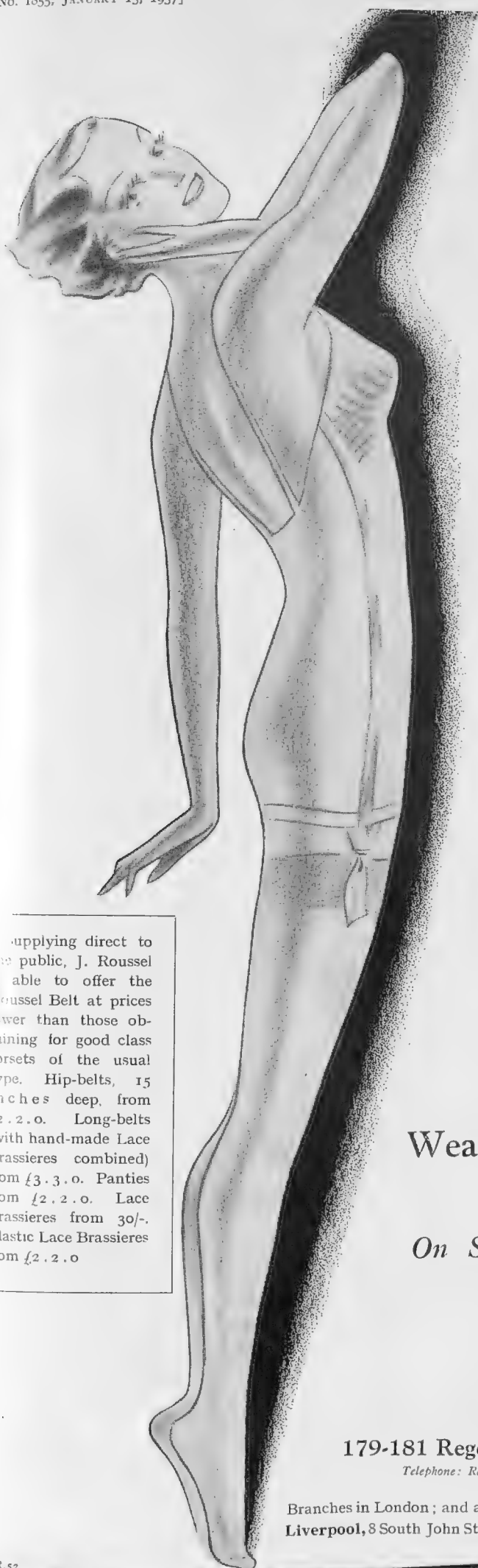
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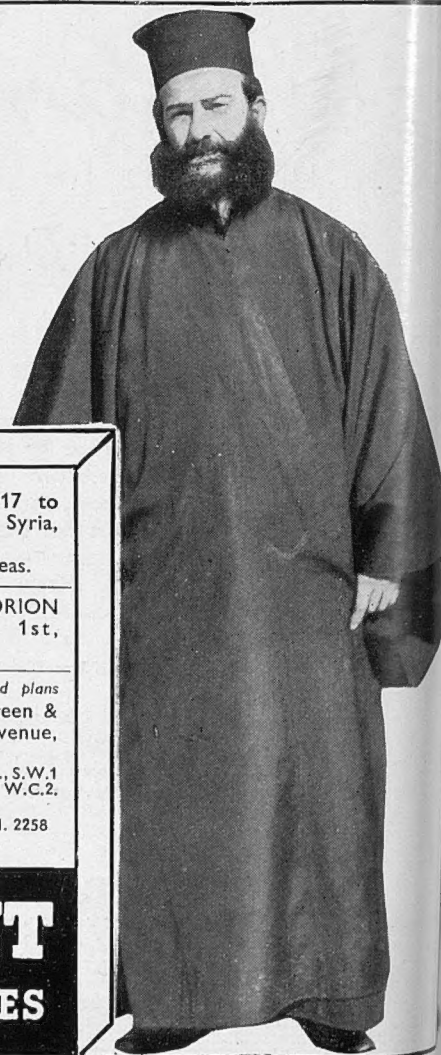
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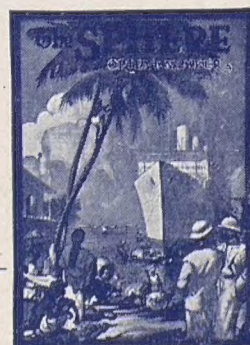
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